

## CLAIRE WALLACE

describes "The Best Year of My Life"

Eat and Grow Slim
Fall Fashions for Teens

THE CANADIAN WOMAN'S MAGAZINE \* SEPTEMBER 1950 \* FIFTEEN CENTS



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# GENERAL



# ELECTRIC

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P.S. Have you tried the new Listerine Tooth Paste, the Minty 3-way Prescription for your Teeth?

MADE IN CANADA

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Cover by Pagano

#### FICTION.

Wife for Richard	 Nourma Handford	12
Coming Out Party	 Hugh Garner	16
He Asked About You	 Elizabeth Inskip Wye	22

#### GENERAL FEATURES

We Put On a New Dress By	rne Hope Sanders
Tell Us About England Marga	
Summer Bachelors	
The Best Year of My Life	
Women in Politics Haven't Much Sense	Austin Cross 1
Gloria Stars Again	Lee Montgomery 2
Shopping with Chatelaine	
With the Editors	

#### FASHION

Red Has a Future in Your War	drobe	9
Ideas for the Making		14 70
The Shirt Look (patterns)		50

#### HOUSEKEEPING

Stews-Plain and Fancy.														20
The Institute Approves Four Menus for September	1													67
Toast as You Like It		 ì			*			ì	0		35			78

#### HOME PLANNING

Live in a Basement and	Love It	John Car	Hield Smith	35

#### BEAUTY

Eyes on																	
Eat and	Grow	Slim	 		7							 		7.	 	65	

#### CHILD HEALTH CLINIC

You Can Help	Them Behave				
********		Elizabeth Chant	Robertson.	M.D.	.82

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Claire Wallace, radio personality has a me-morable article on page 10

#### WE PUT ON A NEW DRESS

TUKES. EILEEN RLENE

MARIE

Around our office we've been calling this September issue "The Tiger." Someone told us of the Chinese saving: "He who rides a tiger dare not get off.

That's just the way we've been feeling about the design for our new dress. We planned it in early summer, and laid out the pattern with the help of a very smart designer. We also had some down-toearth facts on what you like to read, which our reader-research studies have given us.

Guided by this knowledge, "The Tiger" grewa dummy issue showing the pattern we wanted. Lots of white space; clear uncluttered pages; easyto-read type.

It was like the pattern for a new dress-simple, classic, casual. And, just like any woman wearing such a style, we were tempted from time to time to add a decoration here or a furbelow there. But, always, someone warned in time: "Don't get off the Tiger!"

Our beautiful new Goss presses have made this new dress possible. A portrait of one of them is shown on the back page - with other contributors to the personality of this issue.

Those of you who have driven into Toronto down Yonge Street know the new Maclean-Hunter plant at Lansing. The two Goss presses tower like Great Danes over terriers, above surrounding equipment, in the pressroom.

Each press weighs only slightly less than the largest CPR locomotive. The two of them cost well over a million dollars, and are major items in Maclean-Hunter's postwar expansion program. At an average speed each press can produce about 480,000 pages an hour. Yet, as one of the staff editors said: "They seem to run as quietly as sewing machines."

Well - those are the magnificent "sewing machines" on which we have run up this new dress.

Do you like the way we look? Do you find it, literally, easy on the eyes?

Like any woman in a new dress, we eagerly await your comments.

Byrus Hops Sanders



# FOR A HEALTHIER, SAFER SCHOOL YEAR

Over two million Canadian children will return to school this fall. A quarter of a million other boys and girls will enter for the first time. Good health is important to the school progress of them all. So each child should have a health examination by his doctor and dentist before school opens, if school authorities do not provide such check-ups.

Medical and Dental Examinations. Recent studies show that many children have defects that may interfere with their school progress ear impairments and dental disorders. These and other conditions may exist for some time before being suspected by parents. Your doctor and dentist can usually detect them early and prescribe proper treatment. If defects are discovered, they should be corrected promptly.

Protection Against Disease. Since 1900 there has been a reduction of more than 90 percent in mortality from the common childhood diseases, due largely to immunization. Even if your child has already been immunized, your doctor may recommend additional innoculations when the child enters school.

Good Health Habits, According to a recent survey, colds cause about one half of all school absences due to sickness. Doctors believe that children who are well nourished and who get plenty of sleep, rest, relaxation and exercise are less likely to be troubled by colds

and their complications. These good health habits may also help make the child more resistant to other illnesses

Good Safety Habits. Accidents outrank every other cause of death among school-age children. According to safety statistics, one out of four accidental deaths in the 5 to 14 year age group was the result of a motor vehicle accident. Many of these fatal accidents occurred on the way to or from school. So, safety authorities recommend that all children learn and observe these precautions:

- 1. Cross streets only at crossings
- 2. Obey traffic signals
- 3. Look both ways before stepping into the street
- 4. Face traffic when it is necessary to walk on a road

COPPRIANT CANADA, 1921 METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY  Metropolitan Life	Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., Canadian Head Office, Ottawa.
Insurance Company (A MUTUAL COMPANY)	For more information, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, 90-b., "Common Childhood Diseases."
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After shopping for the choicest fruits and freshest vegetables, it would be a shame to use anything but the best vinegar you can buy for pickling-distilled and aged by the firm who made pickles famous.

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#### Pickling Success

Heinz will send you free a 16-page book of recipes called "Pickling Success." WriteH.J.HeinzCompany of Canada Ltd., Dept. SP, 420 Dupont Street, Toronto 4, Ontario.







by Margaret Ecker Francis

The successful writing team, Margaret and Bob Francis, call Vancouver "home," but spend most of their time globe-trotting in search of stories.

"Now that you're back from Great Britain," said my friend The Editor. "I suppose people are swamping you with questions. What do Canadian women ask you

I've kept a careful record over the past months-and here's the list.

Do the people of Great Britain think there is going to be another global war?

Hard to generalize, isn't it? You can't talk to everyone, but those we did talk to in the British Isles weren't letting themselves think about it. The last one is still too close. Along Fleet Street, where we lived and worked while we were in London, there was agreement that, unless a miracle of international negotiations could take place, eventually there would be another total conflagration.

Those in favor of the Labor Government were confident that as long as they were in power this middle-of-the-road (middle that is between Communism and Democracy) party could be a factor to bring understanding between Russia and the United States. Those who were anti-Labor felt that the socialist diplomacy was bungling and amateurish in crucial postwar days when understanding might have been reached.

# ABOUT ENGLAND

How's the food? Is socialized medicine working? Are the women still dowdy? One of Canada's ace war correspondents goes back five years later to report

At the same time, the austerity of day-to-day living, the red tape of bureaucracy, the depression that followed devaluation are preoccupations that dwarf international problems in most minds.

Does everyone over there want to come to Canada, believing it to be the best place in the world?

Yes, many do want to come, not to Canada as Utopia, but as an escape from the sick old continent of Europe. It's worth while to quote a young woman who came here as a displaced person and who shocked loyal Canadians by wishing she were back in starving Europe. "Europe starving?" she asked. "No, it is Canada that is starving, starving for things of the mind and the soul."

On the ship en route home I talked to an alert young stewardess who has seen much of Canada. "My friends in England," she said, "often tell me they wish they could settle in Canada. I don't say very much, but if I did I would tell them that although Canadians are kind and hospitable, have lots of food, I couldn't enjoy their way of life. They are too materialistic. They want to have the most modern washing machine available, but they wouldn't spend a bob to hear good music or see a play.'

The vivacious hairdresser said the same thing. "Canada and Canadians lack artistic values. They are smug. They think their country has everything, but I couldn't live there. I would miss things that really matter to me-the ballet, art galleries, the theatre, intelligent conversation that isn't always superficial."

A woman who had emigrated to Canada with her family said to me in Toronto: "Canada has been kind to us and it is a wonderful country. But I do wish people would stop telling us just that. Canada could be a wonderful country if people would stop thinking it was long enough to try to make some improvements. It's nice to be able to buy a steak every day, if you can afford it at present prices, but there is more to gracious living than eating steak.

"The people who boast most of what a wonderful place Canada is to live in don't take time to really live. They have no time to enjoy their steak leisurely at a nicely laid table lighted by candles, no time to listen to good music or good conversation, no time to read a book that isn't chosen by a book club."

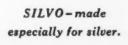
◆ Continued on page 43

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One honest man looks back on a lonely summer and admits: "Live alone and like it is the bunk! A family's a handy thing to have around the house"

The season of the summer bachelor is over for another year, and something should be done about him before another one rolls around. Well, not about, either. For him is more like it. In a land which has the Mothers' Allowance and Women's Rights, it seems no more than plain equity to plan something for the summer bachelor.

The summer bachelor, whose wife and children are away at the cottage, leads a harassed, fretful, nervous and lonely life. Each passing week brings him a sharper realization of how dependent upon woman man has become. At first he is too proud to admit this. In the end he doesn't care.

Worst of all, he falls heir to several character defects which he considered, until left to himself, to be uniquely feminine.

There is hardly a husband breathing, for instance, who does not believe that he has the world's worst example of a did-I-or-didn't-I wife. This distinction is contested eloquently by other husbands. "You think your wife is bad that way?" another husband will say. "Wait'll you hear about mine."

En route to the summer place the wife will manifest this did-I-or-didn't-I part of her nature. "Did I or didn't I pull out that ironing cord?" she will say in a panic. "Did I or didn't I turn off the oven?"



#### ER BACHELORS

by Frank Tumpane

There is no known instance of a husband ever being sympathetic on such occasions. He wishes some other male were around to hear what he suffers.

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The husband's formula for restoring tranquility is to say in a loud voice: 'Ah, what's the matter with you now? Of course you turned it off. Forget about it, can't you? Just forget about it. Every time we go away, it's the same thing. Just forget about it."

During such exchanges the husband feels put upon. He has doubts concerning his choice of a spouse. He is obsessed with the thought that if he had looked over the field more carefully

he could have selected more wisely. With all those millions of women in the world, he believes, he could have chosen one who could always remember whether she had pulled out ironing cords.

Once he deposits his family at their destination and returns home, the husband becomes a summer bachelor. He becomes a changed man. He is lord of all he surveys but there isn't much to survey. He is now, however, in full charge of such

items as remembering to pull out ironing cords. True enough, this is a task which doesn't overly trouble your average summer bachelor. Whatever his other accomplishments, he isn't much of an ironer.

Closing windows, however, is definitely one of his departments. He realizes this at 11 a.m. on his first day as a summer bachelor. He is sitting in his office, looking out the

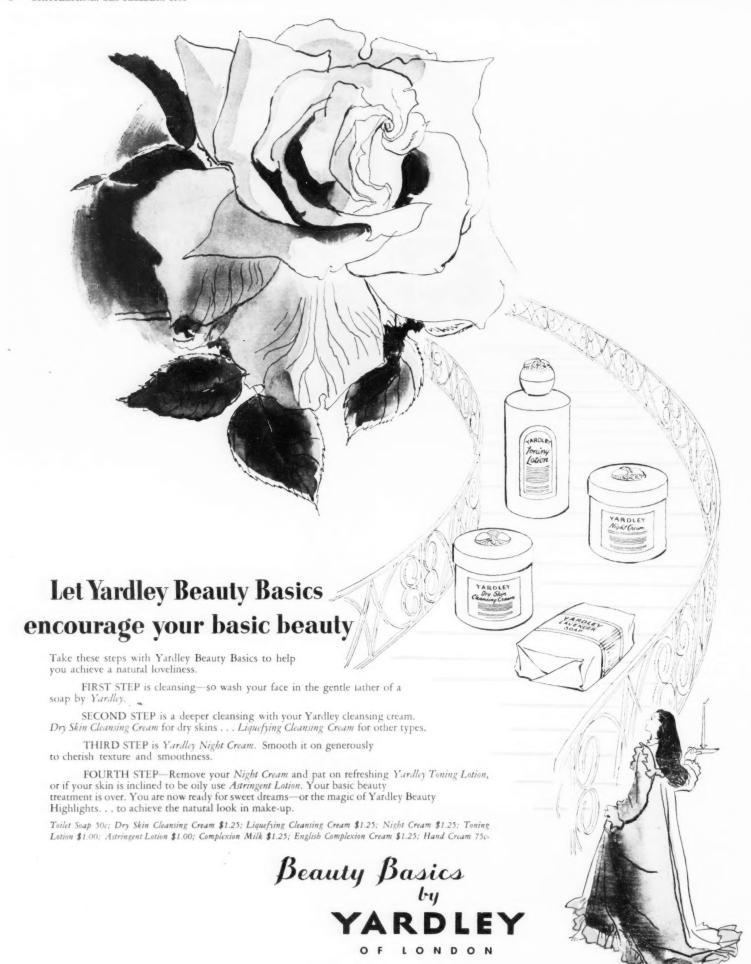


Whatever his other accomplishments, the average husband isn't much of a washer.



ILLUSTRATED BY BILL BOOK

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# Red has a future in your wardrobe

Red! We like it because it's vibrant and makes you feel gay and pretty . . . because it rates a compliment every time (even from the most studious woman-hater) . . . because it's a go-with-everything color for fall. We show it in a two-piece corduroy suit. It's part of a new casual way you'll look for school. You'll wear a shorter hemline, a slimmer skirt and you'll wear red! You'll combine fabrics in teams of mix-matchers-jersey, corduroy, velveteen, fake fur, and a whole dress parade of authentic wool tartans. You'll wear your red corduroy suit with a glad plaid vest and a sugar bowl beret to match. You'll have two more in black velveteen and one in corduroy to match. You'll wear a tartan shirttail blouse on the outside of your skirt, belted tight for a neat waistline. You'll study in tartan slacks with cummerbund and a brief velvety jacket. You'll wear a skirt of make-believe fur with a sleeveless jersey blouse and an armful of bracelets. Red is for all this . . . for tartans ... for blackboard grey flannel . . . for jet velveteen. It's for you.

Corduray separates by Grand'mère Knitting Co.



"In spite of hospitals, operations and stitches, bone grafts, pain and expense, this year of enforced idleness has given me something my exciting business life never could provide"

There is a mistaken idea around, among women, that unless we are constantly on the go, rushing hither and yon, glassy-eyed with excitement or fatigue, we are not having a happy or "full" life.

Oh?

I am here to state that we can enjoy a very happy and full life not doing anything special and not going any place at all, for months and months at a time. Personal experience has shown me so.

For 19 years I have been on the go, leading an unusually active professional life—writing, interviewing, broadcasting, making speeches and traveling. During this time I have met all kinds, from paupers to princes, and including some very smart animals I am proud to call my friends.

My work has taken me traveling to many parts of the world. I was forever packing a suitcase—on short notice, of course. Reporters and broadcasters always leave hurriedly on trips; a last-minute flurry of packing, passports and pills is considered better for the prestige. It is also harder on the blood pressure.

Then there were the unusual experiences of my working days. To mention just a few—in the dark of a Mexican night I rode horseback over a mountain of steaming lava to have a close-up, cosy visit with a fiery and crackling volcano. I learned to fly an airplane so I could pilot myself around to other centres to broadcast, and don't know even yet how I escaped with my life. Donning a diving outfit I stumbled along on an ocean floor to get something different, a true fish story. And on another spooky occasion took the place of a night watchman and guarded a castle full of treasures. It was a busy life all right; only trouble was that I hadn't time to think.

This life many said they envied me.

Suddenly, shockingly, painfully this life stopped for me, and for more than a year I became a crippled invalid, restricted to complete inactivity and learning, firsthand, what is meant by a "bed of pain." My accident happened when I was on one of those dashing trips, to Australia this time. On a few hours notice I flew from Toronto to Vancouver. Then took off from San Francisco to fly the Pacific to Honolulu, which is even more beautiful than travel folders picture it. (That San Francisco-

People keep
asking, "What's
happened to
Claire Wallace?"
Here's her





to-Honolulu hop is the longest nonstop flight in the world.) Next we dropped down onto Canton Island, which is only a ring of coral in the sea. On we flew for a brief stop at Fiji Islands where the huge dark-skinned, gun-toting policemen wear feminine white linen skirts and red flowers tucked into the hair over the right ear. We dropped down into Auckland, New Zealand, for an hour or so and then landed at my destination, Sydney, Australia.

#### LIFE OF A WHIRLING DERVISH

Australia is a remarkable country and nowhere in the world could you find kinder, more hospitable or friendly people. I was given the greatest co-operation, enabling me to get the most stories possible in the short week I was to be in the land of the kangaroos. As it turned out I was there nearly six weeks and, from my hospital bed, did eight broadcasts for Canada, interviewing 32 Canadian girls who married Australians during the war. While admitting to bouts of homesickness, all the Canadian girls love the land down under.

During my week of news-gathering in Australia, I covered everything from the koala bear and platypus to the opal and steel industries and had scads of notes when I started, once more, for Canada. I was leaving Melbourne on a cold, wet Friday evening and, traveling by air, would be home three days later in time for the Monday broadcast, as usual. Then F-A-T-E took a hand. When crossing the wet, slippery pavement, hurrying to the airline office, my heel turned over and I started to fall. Scrambling to regain my balance, I thought frantically: "Heavens, I mustn't fall, I might break something"! With which I fell and broke something—my right hip. Crack. Stars. Dismay.

So began more than a year of hospitals, operations and stitches, blood transfusions and bone grafts, pain and expense. For many months I had a lie flat on my back in a cast and with a steel harness pierced through my wincing flesh and hip bones, to help the mending. For weeks at a time I was too ill to read or want to speak. Then came months of quivering around on crutches. Thus, after living at the rate of a whirling dervish, I was suddenly brought to a dead stop, no place to go, nothing to do for months and months and months. But, lots of time to think!

This life many have pitied me.

With all the gratitude in the world, I am gently but firmly refusing that pity because this year of enforced idleness has given me something that my active, exciting business life could never provide.

Of course, no one could like the physical agony and the financial strain my accident caused and I wouldn't care to go through that part again. While out of circulation, there are some things I have regretted missing such as attending the theatre or just walking in the fresh air and it has often been disappointing to turn down invitations. On the inconvenient side, it is always maddening to an invalid or cripple to want an object—a pair of scissors or a book—and to find it just outside your reach, so that you must ask someone else to hand it to you. That is one of the times you suddenly realize what a glorious thing it is to be healthy and sound of limb so that you can move around freely and independently, get what you want when you want it, without bothering anyone.

Hopping around on crutches is an interesting experience but I will never get used to going downstairs on them. Swinging out into space to reach the next step can be as scary as piloting a plane. I have never found out how to walk with crutches and at the same time carry 

\* Continued on page 31



ILLUSTRATED BY AILEEN RICHARDSON

#### BY NOURMA HANDFORD



In all her husband's lovely house Sybil felt most at home in the breakfast room. This small, attractive place, with its full eastern wall glassed from floor to ceiling so that the garden outside seemed part of the interior, never failed to enchant her. That, she supposed, was because for the past 10 years she had spent all her waking hours in a florist's shop surrounded by flowers pressing their faces against the glass just as the gay annuals now looked in at the windows. Once she unguardedly advanced this theory to her stepdaughters.

"But, darling, how fascinating!" exclaimed Carol, 
"A complex or something. Remind me to give 
you the address of a wonderful man who analyzes 
you but devastatingly...you'll never believe..."
Rosalie said nothing, but behind her smooth mask 
of lovely young face Sybil knew she was thinking:

"How ghastly to work in a shop . . . whatever made Father . . . I mean, what did he SEE in her . . ."

Sybil knew what he had seen and she smiled a small secret smile remembering his proposal, sudden and, she instinctively knew, unpremeditated and so strongly out of character that it was a touching proof of his need. All the tenderness in her had gone out to meet it. She hoped passionately to be able to help shoulder some of his responsibilities, relieve some of his anxieties regarding his spoilt, indulged young daughters. In the early days of her marriage she had found them both, Carol with her quick mind and disconcerting enthusiasms, Rosalie with her scornful, golden beauty, unexpectedly frightening and she was thankful, so very thankful that for six months Richard had no pressing business to take him from home. But now that he was away for a few weeks she was illogically relieved. It would give her time to think over things as she had found them; to face up to the job of directing and influencing two undisciplined girls so that all their beautiful youth and talents flowed into happy useful channels.

It was not a task to be underestimated and Sybil approached it with humility. She saw herself, for she was the least conceited of women, through her stepdaughters' eyes . . . an ex-widow in her early forties with grey eyes too big for her small heart-shaped face . . . a wispy little thing with too little flesh on her and grey in the dark wings of the hair that she kept brushed back behind her ears. They had deplored her a little, perhaps, but never disliked her. Her naturalness and undemanding gentleness had disarmed them from the first, but she had to go carefully, she knew. She lacked that bright smart front that wrings respect from the young, and force and conviction to lay down ultimata.

All the same something had to be said to Richard and she hoped these few quiet weeks would give her the wisdom to say it in the right way. About Carol, for instance, who at 22 had exhausted the possibilities of all the excitements her father's money could buy for her and with unconscious irony had passionately embraced the cause of Women's Rights; who laughed and teased unkindly when young Bill Manning, to whom she was unofficially engaged, tried to be serious about their marriage. At the moment she was organizing a conference of some international women's movement and the only time the family saw her was when accompanied by voluble dark-skinned won en in saris or other exotic if not overclean garments.

"Richard will have to do something about it," thought Sybil, "if she is not to become an Old Character before she is 30. Bill is so right for her, so devoted, and better still, so balanced . . ."

And Rosalie—that was going to be harder, for Carol was more than a little involved there too. The understanding was that Rosalie, not yet 19, was to account to Sybil for her comings and goings, but as Sybil knew 

\*\*Continued on page 46\*

She alone sensed the tragic awakening which faced her husband's child

By Mildred Spicer Fashion Editor



#### DEAS FOR THE MAKING

Sewing is fun! Specially when you've dreamed up ideas to pay off in terms of a versatile wardrobe for school. We show you 10 individual pieces, each one with an idea all its own. It's a technicolor season! The dull shades of past years are as out of date as bustles and high button shoes. We began with a red chinchilla coat in an easy-to-make style and picked our colors to go with it. Result! Everything looks right with our rave red' topper. We chose basic grey and black for the skirts . . . for the dress a blue taffeta with shadowy undertones. There's a full-dress parade of authentic tartans for fall. We chose the Dress MacPherson for a jaunty, boxy jacket interchangeable with either the grey or black skirt. The charcoal grey wrap-around is easy to make, very new in its almostblack look. It's teamed up with a jersey blouse, iced with a white piqué dickey resembling a man's evening shirt, complete with stiff wing collar and bow tie. The jersey can be worn with the black pegtop skirt. The time, money and effort you put into a three-piece dress becomes another good investment. With the jacket our shadow blue taffeta goes to teas and informal parties. Without its cover-up it goes dancing, and by merely tying on a black marquisette overskirt you've got a formal dress to impress any stag line. A little imagination can go a long way when you're making your own clothes. With a 10-piece plan, each one sew-easy, you have a wardrobe to go anywhere whether its classroom or ballroom.









"I made it myself," No apology this! It's now the smart thing to say. Our 10-piece wardrobe is an easy guide for you to follow at home and has all the answers to take first-class honors at school

Opposite page—girl at work! . . . on a featherweight electric portable, which has all the features of a full-sized machine and yet weighs only 11 pounds! She wears Simplicity Style No. 2977 in fine white Wabasso cotton broadcloth.

Her blouse is view four of Simplicity No. 3302, made in Newland's thin weight grey jersey. The dicky is Wabasso white piqué. The skirt, No. 2988, is a wrap-around, in charcoal grey flannel by Dominion Woolens and Worsteds.

At top—Our boxy little jacket features the Dress MacPherson in an all-wool fabric by Du Pont Textiles. The black skirt is a pure Botany wool in a peg-top style. Simplicity pattern No. 3303.

How pretty that white chrysanthemum will look on her cherry red chinchilla coat! The simple casual lines make it right for every occasion. Simplicity No. 2995. Chinchilla by Barrymore Fabrics.

To wear for tea or dinner she chooses Bruck's shadow blue taffeta in Simplicity's Pattern No. 3165. The Little jacket hugs the waist. With it she wears black velvet shoes, hat and bag.

And later for dancing . . . Off comes the jacket and over the skirt you'll tie a black marquisette overskirt to give it a completely different look for elegance. Fabric by Bruck Wills.

Before you begin to sew, or even pick your pattern, know what's good for you. There are six leading fabrics for sportswear and suits this fall—corduroy, velveteen, flannel, tweed, wool jersey and wool tartan. For coats there are wonderful fleeces, blanket cloth and chinchilla, popular again after a long absence from fashien.

The majority of skirts are slimmer and straighter, yet this doesn't mean the full ones are no longer fashionable. For large hips you'll find our wraparound better than the one with the peg-top, and our full-skirted party dress a slimming one. You'll notice that whether flared or straight the skirts are shorter, average length being 14 inches from the floor when you measure it with your shoes on.

How To Hem a Skirt. Because your skirt length is shorter this year it's important to know just how to hem it. Mark off the required length with a chalk or pin skirt marker. Lay the skirt flat on a table; fold at centre-front, side seams pinned together, bottom edge toward you. Turn hem at marked line and pin, keeping edge in line. Now baste through the hem, one inch from the folded edge. Measure depth of hem; allow for finishing at the top. Gather the top edge to aid in easing the fullness into position, thus preventing any marks showing through on the right side when you press it. Seam binding makes a neat finish. Do a little row of basting one quarter inch from the raw edge. Draw up the bobbin thread so that the hem will lie flat against the garment. Stitch seam binding along the top of the hem to conceal the raw edge. Now turn up your hem. Pin at the seams to keep in line and baste. Turn, slip-stitch in place. Take tiny stitches in the garment and longer ones in the seam. That's all there is to it and you've got a hemline that will hold.

Now that you've seen our homemade, inexpensive wardrobe that looks like a million you're probably wishing and wondering. Of course you can make it too. And if you've forgotten those elementary lessons of first form, get busy again. You can learn to make a dress in eight easy lessons at your local Sewing Centre's Saturday morning classes. They don't start you on anything as uninspiring as an apron—you begin on a dress and learn as you go along.

Clothes made by Singer Sewing Centres. Accessories courtesy the Robert Simpson Co.



BY HUGH GARNER

No matter how much he delayed his preparations he was always among the first arrivals at a party. He did not like being an early arrival, but the feeling of anticipation and adventure that filled him on these occasions had driven him to get ready immediately after supper.

"What are you all dolled up for?" his father had asked him, glancing over the top of his newspaper.

"Oh, nothing."

"Not going courting, are you?"

He had not given such a foolish question the dignity of an answer.

"Where's the party?" his mother had asked.

"At some girl's house; a girl that Charlie Crawford knows."

"Is Charlie calling for you?"

"No."

"Why not?" his father asked.

"He's calling for a girl."

"How about you? Don't tell me you let Charlie beat your time!"

"Till bet he's got a girl, but he's keeping her as a surprise," his mother said.
"What's her name, Ted?"

That's the way it was lately; every time he went out they made fun of him. As though a guy couldn't get dressed up once in a while. As though there had to be a girl in the picture somewhere.

It became unbearable after a while, sitting around the living room in his Sunday suit, listening to the radio dramas and his parents' innuendos. He had sprung to his feet, and with a mumbled farewell to his mother rushed from the house and made his way along the street in the direction of the party.

Now he sat in stiff formality on the edge of the McKendricks' sofa, his trousers carefully creased across his knees, and the stiff tweed collar of his jacket suspended an inch from his neck by the cantilever action of his bony, 17-year-old shoulders. With nervous fingers he straightened the knot on his necktie once again, and allowed his eyes to drop from the wedding photograph of Mr. and Mrs. McKendricks that hung upon the parlor wall between the doorway and the piano.

He was angry at Charlie Crawford for not arriving before he did, and angry at himself also for not timing his arrival better.

The only other early arrival, a girl wearing glasses who sat across the room from him, said, "I'm glad winter's almost over, aren't you, Ted?"

He resented her familiar use of his name, and her obvious grasping at conversational straws. "It'll soon be summer again," he acknowledged, not wanting to give her cause to reply.



You don't learn about love from a book—but from the stars in a young girl's eyes.

"Have you known Patricia long?" the girl asked him.

For a moment he was not sure whom she meant. Then he answered, "Yes—that is, no. I was invited to the party through a friend of mine, Charlie Crawford, who knows her."

"Oh!" the girl exclaimed, putting him in his place, and making him feel like a gate-crasher. "Pat is a very good friend of mine."

"Charlie wasn't able to come with me, but he'll be along in a few minutes."

The girl gave him an aloof but pitying smile.

He disliked most girls, but this type especially. Her efforts to make friends with him, since their introduction, had been embarrassing, and he was glad that she now looked upon him as an interloper.

#### ILLUSTRATED BY JACK KEAY

Looking around him at the small shabby room he was sure that he would not enjoy the party, and he toyed with the idea of making an excuse to leave the house and make his getaway.

From the kitchen came the sound of rattling dishes and childish talk and laughter, now and then giving way to Mrs. McKendricks' high-pitched interjections to keep still or keep quiet. Once, in what was meant to be *sotto voce*, a man's gruff voice cried, "If I catch you touching those sandwiches again I'll whip you!"

The stairs creaked noisily as a ghostlike figure descended, then ascended again, its passage marked by grief glimpses of a blue wispy material swishing around the bottom end of the banister. Ted reasoned that this was his hostess, Pat McKendricks.

He sat back on the sofa and tried to believe that he was 21 and master of every situation. He was wearing a tailor-made suit in place of the shapeless tweed, and his hair was sculptured around his temples like a movie star's, not sticking out from his scalp like small stubborn quills that resented the application of hair oil. His suit draped around his filled-in shoulders, and the collar kept its contact with his neck. His trousers hung in faultless elegance to the tops of hand-sewn tan shoes that lay against the McKendricks' scuffed carpet at his feet . . .

The vision of an older and more sophisticated Ted Andrews was destroyed by the entrance into the room of a tall disheveled male figure which fixed him with a suspicious glance. The man was followed by the birdlike form of his wife, who presented him to Ted.

"How do you do, sir?" asked Ted, jumping up in what he hoped was a respectful, yet man-to-man approach to the ordeal. Mr. McKendricks gave him a large flaccid paw, and grunted a taciturn greeting. Then he nodded to the girl in the corner and left the room again. Mrs. McKendricks turned to the girl in the corner and asked, "Do you want to come upstairs, Virginia, and see Pat's new dress?" The girl assented eagerly, and accompanied the woman through the door. Ted tried to lower himself into the sofa, feeling more a stranger than ever, and knowing that he was going to dislike Patricia McKendricks when he met her.

Two small rather dirty faces were pushed around the door frame from the hall and regarded him with undisguised amusement, until he shooed them away.

When the doorbell rang he lounged indolently upon the sofa. There was the sound of frenzied scurrying from the room above, and Mrs. McKendricks hurried downstairs to answer the door. Among the new arrivals Ted spied his friend Charlie Crawford. He waved to him, and Charlie gave him a "sorry-I-couldn't-meet-you" look before following the others up the stairs with his coat.

Later on the parlor filled up, and some of the youthful guests were forced to occupy chairs arranged around the dining room walls. The girl Patricia, whose sixteenth birthday it was, came downstairs and was presented to those whom she had not met before. At the sight of her Ted felt a strange excitement gripping him, and he grew silent and hung back as Charlie Crawford led him by the sleeve to the middle of the room.

"Pat, this is a good friend of mine, Ted Andrews," Charlie said. The girl turned her eyes on Ted and smiled.

She was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. Not much shorter than he was, her trim blue-frocked figure was topped by a face that startled him with its pale perfection. Surrounding the symmetry of her features was a dark halo of black, naturally wavy hair.

He was struck with a feeling he had not known before. Her attraction for him was so great

• Continued on page 26

#### Says Austin Cross

IT BEGINS TO look as if women haven't what it takes in politics. Canadian politics, that is. I have seen a lot of them come and go — more go than come, it seems.

Whatever it is they lack, they certainly lack it. Unless Ellen Fairclough, here five minutes ago from Hamilton, can do things differently than the others, she can get ready to write exin front of the letters M.P. in 1954. That isn't because of anything she specifically has said: it is just following the law of averages.

For a long time I have taken the attitude that there should be more women in politics. Now I am not so sure. For years I have advocated that this parliament could do with more petticoat government. I have felt that since married life consists of two people getting along together, and that what made matrimony a success was what the woman contributed along with what the man contributed, similarly politics would be improved by what the other half of Canada could give us. I had felt that women had many virtues, many ideas, many actions they could give to Commons and Senate alike. Now I am chilling off a little.

Before I get any farther, let me point out that I think much of the fault lies in the women electors. Of this, more later.

#### No Second Chance

I do believe that women in Canada do not stand beside their sisters. They will not support a woman against a man. I do not say that women voters should support a lady candidate because she is a woman. I am not insisting that a woman is of necessity better than a man. I just say it does not seem possible that we could send, to our original 21st parliament. 262 men, all of whom were better than any other woman that might have been put up in any one of the 262 constituencies. All the men can't have all the political ability. All the women cannot have no political ability.

Let's leave these abstruse generalities to the economics professors, and move on into the realm of politics. It has been my growing contention now that every woman M.P., with one exception, has had a short political life and not a merry one through her own fault. It is my argument that sooner or later, when confronted with 

Continued on page 55

#### Nonsense, retorts Ellen Fairclough

MY, WHAT A long neck you have, Mr. Cross; and how far you have it stuck out!

What's the matter, son, does it irk you to have a woman in Parliament? What do you mean, women's conversation is composed of "John says." After all, I get around too and I hear quite a bit of "My wife says." Perhaps I shouldn't mention it, but I also hear "My secretary tells me . . ." Quite a bit, quite a bit!

The sage has seen a lot of them come and go; sure, all five of them. Now there is a sixth—me! For five minutes (says he) I have been in the House of Commons, and because I have not yet set the world on fire I must go—I am no good! Ah me!

I must agree that no woman should be elected simply because she is a woman. Once elected, though, she is a representative of her electors and there should be less talk about male and femile and a little more down-to-earth recognition of the fact that the Member is there to do a job, not flaunt her feminine traits. But here her personal publicity hits a snag because some journalists and columnists refuse to believe that she has anything in her head but frills and froth. Just try to get on to a serious subject . . . oh no, we must have color! I wonder how Mr. Cross would like to give an interview in which the questions went something like this:

What is your favorite color?

Are you superstitious?

Can you swim? Sew? Cook? Ride?

Do you darn your husband's socks?

What beauty salon do you prefer? Do you dye your hair?

Who do you think is the handsomest man in the House of Commons?

What would you name your daughter (if you had one)? (I have a son).

Are you going to take an apartment? etc. etc. etc.

#### No Blunders Made By Men?

I might mention that Mr Cross himself came to my office for an interview and dashed out to get a photographer when he found I was selecting some material for drapes to keep out the sun.

Of course, a large segment + Continued on page 58



When Austin Cross, the Sage of Parliament Hill, let loose his tirade on the blunders of women M.P.'s, we sent Ellen Fairclough an SOS. Our sparkling new Member talked back with devastating good humor - - and good sense



are the answer if you're looking for real food bargains. They're packed with all the nourishing goodness of meat and vegetables. And the best stews

in the world can begin with cheaper cuts of meat. That's the beauty of stewing. The meat softens and tenderizes with the long slow cooking. Its flavor spreads through the gravy into the vegetables cooked with it, finally producing a dish for sumptuous dining.

Whether that dish is an Irish stew, a Hungarian goulash, the Frenchman's ragout or the chili con carne of Mexico, it always combines meat and vegetables, seasoned according to the native

Stews began in the era when the cauldron, large and black, hung over the open fire. Today's kitchen equipment offers many a shortcut in the making of stews. The simmer burner on the electric stove, the easily regulated flame of the gas range maintain the right temperature all through the cooking. Pressure cookers are the stew makers' delight, shortening the cooking time by several hours.

Frozen and canned vegetables, ready cut and wrapped stewing meats too, simplify shopping and preparation for this all-in-one

What lifts a stew from the commonplace is not so much the choice of meat and vegetables. Its success is dependent on expert seasoning. And this is an art every ambitious cook can develop. All that's needed is a knowledge of the herbs, seasonings and vegetables.



A seasoning artist knows his bouquet garni is the prime essential for subtle flavor. It's a basic combination of herbs suitable for any stew or soup. To make it: put 1 bay leaf, 1 stalk of celery (cut up) and celery leaves, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 1 blade of thyme in a cheesecloth bag. Leave it in the stew during the full cooking period, then remove just before serving.

It's been said that stews taste better the day after they are made. The Institute's investigation proved this is no idle saying. Secondday stews do have better flavor. But no longer is it necessary to wait 24 hours for more intensity of flavor. The new flavor intensifier, monosodium glutamate, sold in many grocery stores, produces the same effect instantly. It is a white powder sold in packages or in a shaker under several trade names. Just add about ¼ teaspoon for

A spice like chili powder (dark red and pungent) gives a distinct Mexican character to a beef stew.

Curry, a blend of many spices, may be added to a lamb or veal stew for typical Far East flavor.

Paprika, a mild red pepper, is a feature of Spanish and Hungarian dishes. A real Hungarian goulash needs plenty of it.

#### BY MARIE HOLMES

Director, Chatelaine Institute

Accompaniments and attractive garnishes are the cook's magic wand which transforms the plain stew to a fancier version fit for company occasions.

Light, tender dumplings are fine for the small family dinner and they do wonders in stretching the stew. But dumplings are impatient. They won't wait while guests assemble.

Hot biscuits around the platter stand up better and are good with

Squares of corn bread are ideal for a stew that has a tomato gravy. Split corn muffins, toasted, are popular, too.

Onion ring biscuits are different and enhance any stew. Our recipe tells you how to make them.

French bread slices look attractive, too. Spread them with butter or margarine. Sprinkle with chopped parsley or chives and bake in moderately hot oven (375 degrees F.) for 10 minutes.

Duchesse potatoes give a "partvish" look to a stew. If you have an ovenproof platter, fill the centre with stew and vegetables. Whip mashed potatoes with beaten egg (one for six servings), a little hot milk, until the mixture is smooth and fluffy. Arrange in a border around the platter, using a fork to shape the potatoes neatly. Place under broiler (about 5 inches) until potatoes are delicately browned. Take to table at once.

Noodles, rice and spaghetti are excellent background foods for stews; their bland flavor seems to sharpen that of the rich spicy meat and gravy.

For garnishing: Top stews with sautéed mushrooms, pimento strips, chopped parsley and celery leaves. Try toasted almonds on chicken and veal stews.

Just as accompaniments and garnishes enhance stews so do the dishes in which they are served.

A big soup tureen (complete with ladle) filled with luscious meat and vegetables floating in gravy can be the centre of attraction on the buffet table. Hot rolls or biscuits nearby and a bowl of refreshing fruit salad, a cheese and cracker assortment combine to make a party supper de luxe.

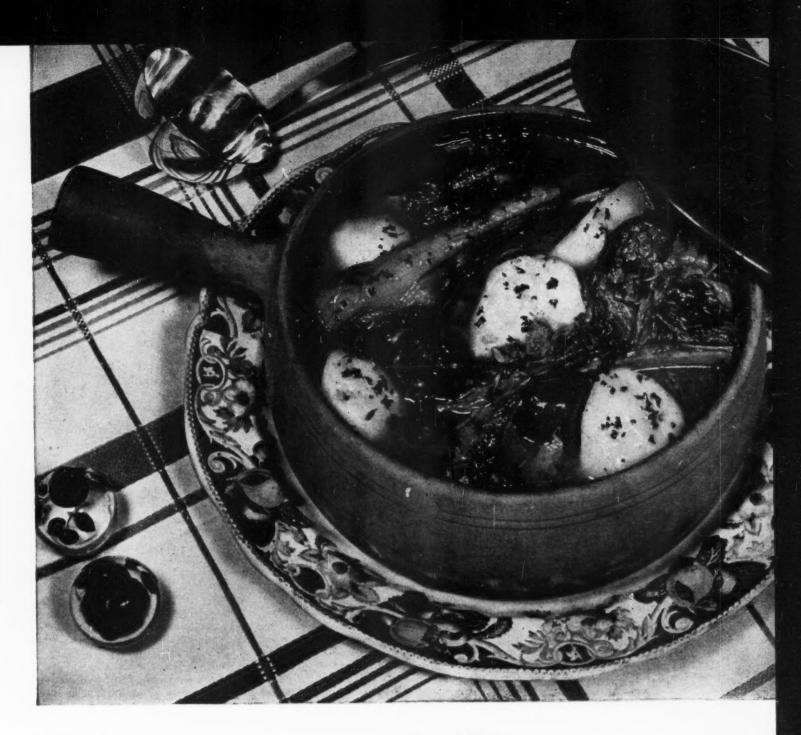
A big silver platter will make a stew look extravagant, particularly if the stew has a border of rice or biscuits. Tomato sections and parsley around it will produce dramatic color interest, too.

Little individual casseroles for your stews add variety in service. They lend themselves well to individual toppings such as toast points, tiny biscuits or pastry rounds.

A generous casserole filled with stew can be put into the oven for a baked-on topping like biscuit crust or pastry. Most meat pies are simply stews under a crust.

A chop plate if it is large enough and deep enough suits the stew that's to be served in a rice ring. Leave room for an outside border of celery leaves, black olives and carrot curls.

Recipes for stews and accompaniments on page 73



#### BEEF STEW

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Cut meat, vegetables in small pieces, then add chili for Mexican character. As goulash, season with paprika. For company, serve in tureen garnish with parsley. Dumplings, plain or parsley, stretch it.

#### VEAL STEW

Season well with spices like peppercorns, bay leaf, chives. Some like it with curry and rice. Nice with sliced mushrooms added. Add sour cream and tomato soup for variety.

#### DAMB STEW

Here's a place for dill as seasoning. Simmer with a bay leaf, too. Instead of dumplings, stretch with noodles or rice. Party versions should include green peas. Serve with tiny potato balls, chopped mint garnish.

#### CHICKEN STEW

Leave pieces large, serve with tea biscuits. Festive touches include green pepper, mushrooms, pimento. Chop suey is Chinese adaptation.

#### FANCY STEWS

Don't forget special accompaniments here. Onion ring biscuits, for example. Put stew in ring of Duchesse Potatoes on a big platter.

#### QUICK STEWS

Start with minced meat browned. Simmer in diluted canned vegetable soup or Scotch broth. Speedier dumplings with a quick mix.



Collecting girls was Alan's hobby and Gwen's heartbreak. Because he had never learned to let one go

The living room of the two-room apartment might have inspired Picasso. The bedroom would have delighted Dali. Gwen Dexter, prone on her hot sticky bed, a knife in her throat, foxes in her middle and faucets in place of eyes, felt very much in tune with her environment. It was her 25th birthday and she was friendless and alone. Her misery was so exquisite it bordered on pleasure.

Between hacking coughs, gasps for breath in the sultry summer air, it was also pleasurable to contemplate the vision of roommate Susie's return. Having heartlessly deserted Gwen for a week end of country coolth and frivolity it would at least be entertaining to see her walk into this oven, this mess confronting her, with a busy office Monday ahead of her.

Gwen felt no twinge of pity because she knew she could expect none from Susie. Susie—she could hear it now—would say her cold had a psychological origin. She could claim that Gwen had made a special appointment with a bug because she enjoyed being miserable. Susie was very proud of her psychology.

Susie, the beast, knew as well as the next one that Gwen had never been able to open a can in her life, but the last time Gwen had gashed herself, what had happened? A satisfied sparkle had lit Susie's black eyes as she'd gone right on setting the card table. "You see, that's another of your protests. You just don't want to give up Alan."

"This once," said Gwen, "can't I turn in my old analysis on a new bandage?"

"Pardon me. I thought you wanted to see the blood gush." Susie briskly applied the bandage, took away the can. The corned beef hash jumped amiably into the frying pan. "You're protesting because you're going out with Joe tonight instead of Alan. We're all set for a good time, but you're determined not to have a good time. Lordy, Gwen, don't let Joe get away like all the others . . ."

"Are you inferring," Gwen said with dignity, "that it made any difference to me whether Tuffy the Tugboat.

or Wilbur the Whistling Whale got away or not?"

"See? Something's wrong with every man you meet. I suppose you've been lying awake figuring out what's the matter with Joe. I know you're dying to tell me. What is the matter with Joe?"

"Oh I don't know . . . you know . . . The way he dances."

"You are looking ahead," said Susie admiringly. "When he brings home the bacon he should do it in threequarter time. Okay, Alan danced like a dream. What else?"

"Well how would vou like to be Mrs. Ouip?"

"Mrs. Sinclair is more elegant," said Susie gravely, "the only hitch being you were just a link in the daisy chain."

"Alan didn't say that." The famous last words, memorized until they had lost all meaning, rolled out of their own accord. "He said he wanted time to think about us."

"Kind of a slow thinker, isn't he? I'd give some consideration to his I. Q. if I were you."

"He said no one else would be exactly the same."

"There's nothing exactly the same as a Black Widow spider, either."

"He said he was confused."

"I'll grant you that. Blondes can be very confusing."
"Belle Randolph said it would never last. Belle said..."

"There's only one thing wrong with your honeytongued friend. It makes her perfectly miserable to see her perfectly charming friends unhappy. But are you really kidding yourself, chum?"

Gwen's tä'ed green eyes met Susie's bright black ones. "No," she said. "No I'm not. I know it's over. I know it. I know it. I know it."

"Atta gal. Say it 10 times while waiting for your morning coffee to perk. Say it 10 times waiting for the bus."

"But, you hard-boiled, unsympathetic, inexperienced monster, it's not enough just to know it."



ILLUSTRATED BY BOB HILBERT



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ILLUSTRATED BY BOB HILBERT



There was never anything ordinary about Swanson. Her rise to the Hollywood heights was unequaled; her famed feuds kept the fans breathless; her many marriages made headlines and her lavish business ventures were the talk of the town. And when the bubble finally burst, it did so with a brilliant bang.

Typically, Gloria's comeback is no ordinary affair. It has set Hollywood back on its artistic ear. As Norma Desmond in Paramount's "Sunset Boulevard," Gloria pours out all her old-time exciting magic and her new-won acting skill. Pours them out in such splendid extravagance that she is odds on favorite to take the Academy Award.

It all began in Chicago when she dropped in at the old Essanay Studios to watch these newfangled lowly films being made. It was 1913. "That looks easy," she remarked, "Td like to do that." Someone took her phone number. Extra work followed, then her first hits. Shifting to Hollywood she worked with such early giants of the industry as D. W. Griffith and DeMille. She had a shrewd business head and invested her money in her own producing unit—the only woman who dared try it. But being Swanson she hired and fired assistants, bickered with actors, shot film that was never used —and lost plenty.

She was a legend before movies talked. Done up to the nines with cloche hats and glinty jewelry, slim hips sheathed in satins or velvets, she moved through such movies as "Rain," "Male and Female," "Society Scandal." Her spit curls and flirty eyes spelled Hollywood to half the earth.

"I never considered myself much of an actress," she says. "We didn't pay much attention to acting then. We were personalities."

As a personality Swanson had no peer. She threw husbands around like pea pods and reigned as Queen of them all, in the heyday of Pickford and the Talmadges, Pola Negri and Lillian Gish; the heyday of mink and maribou, and of the player piano down in the pit.



PARAMOU

# School Days

# Soup Days

by Anne Marshall

ANNE MARSHALL taste better.

Nutrition experts say the schoolday lunch is a vitally important meal for the growing child—to replenish energy. Whether eaten at home or carried to school, this lunch should include a hot dish. They say it helps the stomach to receive and to digest the meal. Also, a hot dish seems to make sandwiches, fruit and salad taste better.

Dieticians agree that an ideal hot dish is wellmade soup. Soup tempts the child . . . is easily

digested...substantial, yet never heavy. Thus, young bodies are well nourished—young minds stay keen for study or play.



#### SCHOOLDAY LUNCH EATEN AT HOME

(menu shown above)

Vegetable Soup Pear and Cream Cheese Salad Chocolate Pudding

Milk

If your youngster comes home at noon, you might sit him down pretty often to a lunch like this. With breakfast several hours behind him, the child's energy needs replenishing at noon. A lunch including this almost-a-meal-in-itself vegetable soup will set him right for an afternoon of school or romping.



"In bed with a cold"—'phones Mother to teacher. And, at noon, she appears at her hopeful's bedside bearing this appetizing and nourishing tray—chicken noodle soup, poached egg on toast, cherry gelatin, and milk.





#### SCHOOLDAY LUNCH CARRIED TO SCHOOL

(menu shown at right)

Tomato Soup (in vacuum bottle)

Peanut Butter and Jelly Sandwich
Marble Cake Whole Orange

If you have the daily problem of *packing* a lunch, then here's a sensible way to provide the needed hot dish for your junior or junior miss—tomato soup in a vacuum bottle. Prepare the soup as cream of tomato, by adding milk instead of water. That way, it's extra-nourishing, and the child also gets his quota of milk. Most children simply dote on this soup.



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#### COMING OUT PARTY

Continued from page 17

that he was almost repelled by it, and he wanted to take his happiness and hurt into a corner where he could savor it. With shaking lips he whispered, "How

do you do.

Something passed between them then: telepathic awareness of each other's feelings; something as sudden as a catch in the throat, but bearing in its brevity the poignancy of all life and being. She withdrew her ready smile and instead nodded briefly toward him, her defenses raised, and the knowledge of all women in the world in her eyes.

Ted returned to his chair, overwhelmed by her beauty and his reaction to it, yet crushed by her obvious dislike of him. He made up his mind to ignore her, and began a conversation with a sitting beside him, hardly conscious of the words he was saying, but wanting to prove, for some strange reason, that he was gay and popular, and completely oblivious to Pat's presence.

He refused to look in her direction, even when somebody pushed her to the middle of the floor and they all began to sing, "Happy Birthday To You." Yet he watched her through the corner of his eye, unable to tear his gaze away, a feeling so rich and painful coursing through him that he was left weak and spent by it.

As the party got under way, Ted be-

came animated once again, and he took part in all the games, his laughter a little too loud and his actions boisterous and uninhibited. They played childish games that did not seem childish after they began: Spin-the-bottle, Forfeits, The-farmer-in-the-dell, and Buttonbutton. Somebody suggested that they play Postman, and the girls answered the suggestion with cries of pretended distaste. Ted took up the cry, and ran around the rooms shouting, "Postman, postman, who wants to play postman!"

His campaign was succeeding until the soft authoritative voice of the hostess said, "Let's not play anything else just yet. Perhaps it's time we had some refreshments." There was an There was an assenting chorus, and Ted found himself a minority of one. Looking up, he caught Pat's victorious smile. wanted to hurt her, to exert a mastery over her, but as he frowned in her direction he found that she was looking somewhere else, and her brief smile of a moment before seemed an ephemeral trick of his imagination. With all the casualness he could muster he strolled to a corner of the room and watched with studied disinterest the efforts of several girls who were carrying plates of sandwiches and cake from the kitchen.

Charlie Crawford joined him, and asked, "What do you think of the

"It's all right," Ted answered, unenthusiastically. "These sandwiches are good," Charlie

said, stuffing his mouth full of lan sandwich.

"This Pat seems pretty stuck-up, Ted said.

"Who, Pat? I've never noticed it, 120 Charlie replied.

I noticed it."

"What's eating you, Andrews? D' ou expect her to fall all over you This is the first time you ever met her remember."

"Who wants her to fall all over me? Ted asked angrily. "Gosh, a guy jus mentions that somebody's stuck-up an you think he wants her to fall all ove him.

Charlie was paying more attentio to the sandwich he was eating than h was to what his friend was saying. can't fig ire you out, Andrews. Yo come here and have a good time, bu then you get sore at Pat. She didn' do anything to you, did she?"

"She thinks she's good," Ted answere unreasonably.

Charlie gave his shoulders a shrut He had never seen Ted acting this wabefore. "What happened, Ted?" h asked.

Love Song for

Yellow

by ELAINE V. EMANS

Much is yellow that can cheer me:

Tawny cat curled, sleeping, near

Blond child's hair that holds the sun:

Honey pouring from its pitcher,

Goldfinch whistling — sprightly fellow!

Other dyes are deeper, richer, But so much I love is yellow.

Daffodils, with winter done,

Nothing bap pened. It's just that she's stuck-up. I'm sorry I came to h party.

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It was impossible to convey his feeling to his friend. Unt tonight they ha been able to shar each other's like and dislikes, but no something had hap pened which drov them apart, a though Charlie has grown younger-c that he himself had

aged. Some of the girls whispered togethe before they left the room in pairs. Late on they reappeared carrying carefully wrapped parcels which they placed upor

the dining room table.
"We'll have to get our presents, Charlie said.

"Presents!" cried Ted, the awfu realization of what the parcels mean brought to him by the other's words.

Sure. I left mine upstairs." He grabbed at Charlie's sleeve, "didn't bring any," he confessed, "didn't know until a while ago that i was a birthday party."

"I thought I'd told you," Charlie No.

"Never mind," Charlie whitpered "they'll pile them all on the table and nobody'll know that there's one shart.

Ted watched the unwrapping mony with mingled feelings. He was ashamed that he had not brought a gift but also hoped, perversely, that hostess would notice there present from him.

The girls stood around the greeting with "ooh's" and "aal the unwrapping of the birthday while Pat held up each item others to see, on her face a happiness. She was so beautiful moment that Ted had to lon and he realized sadly that nothing to offer to such a g person-not fame or fortune. thing-not even a gift to birthday.

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When someone you love sends you a letter, you like to read it alone - because it takes the place of an exciting visit . . . And remember, when you write, you must convey your thoughts and your personality across distance and time. Do you dress your message in the finest stationery to show that you really care?

For every kind of letter choose the stationery that does you credit - Eaton, Crane & Pike finely-finished writing-paper.



# whispered table and tighland

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OUR BOOKLET "IT'S FUN TO WRITE LETTERS" MAKES WRITING EASY. SEND TOO FOR A COPY

# EATON, CRANE

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When the table was cleared, and Pat had carried her gifts upstairs, it was pushed into a corner, the radio was turned on, and some of the girls began to dance together around the small floor.

'Let's break up one of those couples," Charlie said.

"No, I'm just going to sit and watch," Ted answered.

Charlie stared at him, nonplussed. Ted was usually the first one on the With a quizzical parting glance at his friend he walked over and tagged one of the girls on the shoulder.

Ted found a chair beside the radio and pretended to be vitally interested in the reception of the dance music, fiddling with the radio dials until the tuning and tone control were just right. When he finished, he leaned back in the chair, seemingly transported by the music, but watching for the reappearance of the girl, Pat.

The other young people in the room were a blur of dancing forms, and their happy talk and laughter were lost on him, merely supplying the background to his fevered thoughts.

Until this night he had not known that the momentary disappearance of anyone from a room could bother him so much. His eyes did not stray far from the doorway leading to the hall, and he watched for Pat with mounting impatience.

Once, when a dancing couple moved out of his line of vision, he saw her standing in the doorway, gazing into the small crowd, wearing on her face a smile that taunted him. He was angry that she could be so happy and selfpossessed while he was made so miserable by the sight of her.

A young man, who looked to be at least 20 years old, walked over to the doorway, leaned indolently on the door frame, and began talking to the girl. Ted experienced a sharp stab of jealousy at the sight, but mixed with it was a sneaking admiration for the young man's audacity; he knew that he could never speak to her like that. Pat laughed at something the young man said, and allowed him to lead her on to the floor, where they began to dance.

Ted was sick with the feelings the sight aroused in him, but he was also afraid that she would see him sitting alone, and he jumped up quickly. Singling out Charlie Crawford he pushed his way among the dancers and tapped him on the shoulder. "You're tagged, Charlie!" he cried, smiling painfully.

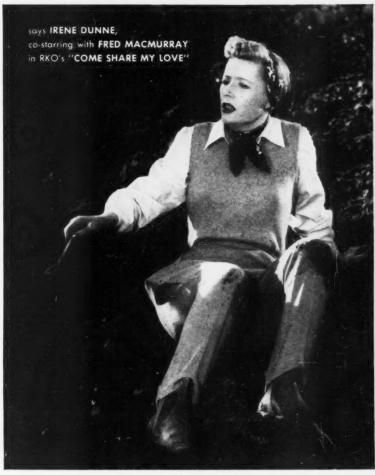
Charlie reluctantly dropped his arm from around his partner's shoulders, giving her up to Ted. "What's eating you anyway, Andrews?" he asked, in a

Ted smiled gaily and pushed the girl into the slowly moving crowd upon the

His partner, a good-looking blonde, snuggled against him, and made an appropriate comment on the crowded room. He answered her with a joking remark, and followed it with a peal of too-loud laughter. Over the heads of the dancers he could see that Pat was watching him covertly, a puzzled frown digging a valley between her eyes.

His miserable feelings of a few minutes before gave way to a mounting happiness, and he steered the blond girl among the other dancers, his knowledge of Pat's concern giving a new freedom to his feet. He favored everyone with his grin-everyone, that is, but Pat.

## This mud-pack was no beauty treatment!"



We spent 5 hours rehearsing and retaking this scene in "Come Share My Love." The cold, wet mud left my hands taut and rough . . .



dust storm sandpapered my hands and face . . .

But Jergens Lotion kept my

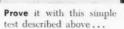
So it was lovely in close-



Being a liquid, lergens is absorbed by thirsty skin.

CAN YOUR LOTION OR HAND CREAM PASS THIS FILM TEST?

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You'll see why Jergens Lotion is my beauty secret.

More women use Jergens Lotion than any other hand care in the world



Portrait by Arthur Sarneff

"I like the wide range of Avon lipstick shades,"

Celeste Holm

of New York and Hollywood

"My friends often compliment

me on my Avon lipstick," says radi-

ant Celeste Holm. "I have several

shades to match my various moods

and costume colors. Whether in

New York or my Hollywood home,

I can depend upon having an Avon

Representative within easy reach to

supplement my Avon cosmetics."



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Avon cosmetics will also compliment you. The wide variety of Avon toiletries assures you of your personal selection. These fine cosmetics are brought directly to you by your friendly Avon Representative.

Welcome her when she calls!

0



These are some of the Avon cosmetic shades used by Miss Holm.



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When he found her within his vision he focused his eyes beyond her, pretending she wasn't there. When the dance ended he steered the blond girl to a chair, bending over her with a solicitude that was strange for one who had hardly taken the time to notice her before.

He danced with different girls after that, still ignoring Pat. Yet even while he laughed and joked with his partners, the dark-haired girl whom he had seen for the first time that night was in possession of his thoughts. He watched her spinning around in the arms of other youths, and gained a feeling of sweetened revenge upon himself from the sight.

One of the girls switched on the phonograph and called for a Paul Jones. Ted took his place in the outside line of circling boys, praying that when the music began again he would find himself opposite Pat.

The phonograph sprang to life with the first notes of a record and the two slowly circling lines of girls and boys came to a stop. A figure garbed in a blue wispy material stood before him, and he raised his eyes slowly until they rested upon the face of Pat McKendricks.

She smiled at him tentatively, brushing her hair from her temples with a gesture that seemed to belong only to her. He stared into her face, not noticing the color of her eyes, not noticing anything but the beauty of her smile.

"I guess it's your hard luck to have to dance this with me," he said, in a surge of self-deprecation. He was awkward and ill-at-ease as he circled her with his arm.

"It isn't hard luck," she replied, drawing back and smiling into his face. "I noticed you dancing before; you dance very well."

Without replying he led her among the other couples, his manner shy and hesitant and his dancing stiff and formal. Something held his tongue, and he was not sure whether it was her attraction, his shame and embarrassment, or the urge to run away. All three feelings were fighting for mastery inside him, and his heart beat slowly and unevenly against his ribs.

A moment before he had been gay, his joy making each dancing step a pleasure, but now he had sunk again into this queer lethargy that made his legs wooden, and his speech, what there was of it, terse and impolite. He was angry with himself, but happy too that she had noticed it, and that it puzzled her. When the dance was over she thanked him with frozen politeness and left him, going into the kitchen.

He searched the room for a sight of Charlie, but when he found him his friend was busily engaged with a small group bent over the phonograph. Spying an empty chair in the parlor he made his way to it and sat down with his crazy thoughts, his back to the dancers.

When he tried to analyze his feelings he could not; never before had he felt this way about a girl—a strange feeling that caused him to want her and want to hurt her together, thereby hurting himself. With the other girls he was completely at ease; affable, polite, ready to laugh and joke, but with this one—the only one he cared two pins about—he was boorish and unreasonable.

This could be what they meant by falling in love, but it was impossible. No young man going on 18 in the history of the world had ever acted like he was acting. In all the stories he'd read, falling in love was marked by feelings of tenderness and compassion, while here was he unable to show anything to Pat but a pretended disinterest, as if deliberately trying to make her unwilling to speak to him again.

The dancing stopped and the cry of Postman was raised again. This time he did not join in the clamor, but stayed where he was in the parlor. One of the boys circled the room, whispering the numbers into each player's ear, odd ones for the boys, even ones for the girls. His number was seven.

The game started with much talking and laughter and the sound of opening and shutting doors. A girl rose from her chair and entered the darkened hall, accompanied by much gingling from the other girls. As the game continued the doorkeeper shouted, "Number 12!" but there was no response. The number was called again, several times, as a hush fell on the guests. Somebody cried, "Here she is! That's Patricia's number!" and Pat made her way through the dining room to the ball.

Ted squirmed on his chair as the door shut behind her. An unreasoning hate for the boy who was with her in the darkened hall swept over him, and it seemed that they dallied much longer than they should.

The door opened and the boy came out, wearing the most vacuous grin Ted had ever seen, and wiping his lips with the back of his hand. The sight of him sent a bittersweet rush of pain through Ted, and he was angry that such a beautiful creature as Pat allowed herself to be kissed by an obvious moron.

An expectant hush fell over the crowd as they waited for the next number to be called. Ted tightened his hands into fists upon the arms of the chair, and sat tense and expectant, hoping that it would be number seven. If he was called, he would content himself with giving her a brotherly peck upon the check, showing her by the gesture that she meant nothing at all to him, and gaining a strange pleasure from the hurt and anger it would arouse in her-

The next number called was not his and Ted's anticipation turned to disappointment. He refused to look in the direction of the possessor of the lucky number. It didn't matter any how, he told himself, she was only a girl whom he probably would never see again after tonight.

This realization started a new train of thought, and he knew that he just bad to see her again. There was no point in showing disinterest if the object of the disinterest was not around to notice it.

When she re-entered the dining room she was smiling self-consciously, and Ted noticed her give a quick scanning of the faces around her as though looking for somebody. It suddenly occurred to him that it was he she was looking for, and he turned his head before she could catch him sturing at her.

When his own number was called he purposely ignored it at first, so that the eyes of everyone in the house were

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upon him as he entered the hall. The girl waiting for him in the dim light of the vestibule was the same one, Virginia, who had spent the long ordeal with him in the parlor before the party began. She seemed as disappointed as he was, and they kissed perfunctorily before she left the hall.

The doorkeeper asked him what number he chose. He wanted to give any number but Pat's, but he thought that his choice might be misconstrued, and his interest had to be plainly intentional to be effective. He tried to keep the excitement out of his voice as he whispered, "Number 12!" The weak, early spring moon sent its

rays spilling from the roofs of the houses across the street. Its light was broken into spectral colors as though by a prism as it fell to his feet through the old-fashioned stained glass of the front door. He watched the crack of the dining room door open as the girl entered the dimness of the hall.

She peered at him through the gloom, and took a hesitant step forward. He made no move to meet her, his shyness and uncertainty nailing his feet to the linoleum of the vestibule. Slowly she approached him, and then, as she saw who it was, she stopped.

In the reflected light from the window at his back she looked more beautiful than ever-more fragile than china, more pure than an opening flower, more precious than anything he had ever

"I didn't expect to find you in here," she said slowly.

"I know. I'm-I'm sorry for-well, for not knowing it was-

'Would you like to ask for another number? I'm sure there's lots more." "No-please! I knew you were number 12," he said.

"Well, why did you-" she began. "I guess I was scared of you. I guess I was scared to give you a chance to hurt me," he said, no longer wanting to say anything glib or smart, but only wanting her to know.

"We're crazy!" she said, her happiness making the words effervescent.

"It's funny. Until a couple of hours

"I know. I hardly know your name," she said. "It's Ted, isn't it?" "You're smart," he answered, regain-

ing some of his old, carefree attitude. 'Not only beautiful, but smart.'

They approached each other then without fear or hesitation as if drawn by the entwined strings of their beating hearts. He gathered her to him with a gentleness he had not known he possessed, aware of her frailty, able to sense the goodness and cleanliness that was hers. As he bent his face above the coolness of her cheeks he closed his eyes and let the sharp, bright odor of her hair and the fresh starched newness of her dress enmesh him as they kissed.

When they drew apart she held on to his hand, looking up at him tenderly, her eyes moist and her lips fluttering in a way that matched his own.

"Did you know that I didn't bring you a birthday present?" he asked.

"Could I bring you one tomorrow?" "I don't need any presents, but maybe we could go for a walk or something," she said hurriedly.

It was hard for him to realize that this beautiful girl was saving these things to him. He knew that from this moment on he would have to fight and

strive to keep her, never being able to recapture the carefree days that werla behind him forever. But he no longe wanted to be carefree, and his new found bondage was the sum and totay k of the stars.

The door to the dining room opened out and a voice asked, "What's happened ose in there, you two getting married or On something?"

mething?" ave They laughed together before hetha made his way back to the lightened le room.

furr The rest of the evening had the dimvili unreality of a dream. He took part in om the dancing and games, but nothingok that happened at the party couldece touch him any longer. It was as thoughfter everything flowed around him, leaving osp him stranded on an island built oftrai thoughts.

When it came time to go, Charlieer said, "I'm walking home with Georgina, as do you want to take her girl friend?" ele "No," Ted answered.

"I saw you talking to Pat McKendvith ricks," Charlie went on accusingly. "lore thought you didn't like her?" "Who, me!"

ne

"You're getting goofy, Andrews," juic Charlie said, walking away.

When he had retrieved his coat, Tedrea went into the kitchen and said histar good-bys to Mr. and Mrs. McKendricks.av They had taken on a new stature; Mrs-lou They had taken on a new status, McKendricks was no longer the tiredate to be, and Pat's father had become aseco

big friendly bear of a man.

"I had a wonderful time," he said, bee

"We're glad you did," said Mrs.aro
McKendricks, smiling warmly. "Patas says you're calling for her tomorrowmis night.

"I guess so," he replied. "That is str if you'll let me?" you "If Pat wants you to, we couldn't wo stop you if we tried," Mr. McKendricks suf answered, laughing his big booming ed

"What I wanted to say," continued his wife, "was that sometimes the door- ble bell sticks. If nobody answers the door when you ring, knock."

"I'll remember," Ted replied.

Pat was standing inside the front ma Ted wanted to kiss her again, an but they were interrupted by a small bu party of guests who were leaving He sis shook her hand gravely. "I'll see you a tomorrow, Pat," he said.

"You'd better," she answered, squeez- fu ing his hand.

All the way down the street his heels te clicked an accompaniment to his beating a pulse. Everything was beautiful the fle grey tangled grass of the lawns, the a dappled shadows of the trees across the sidewalk, the cool night air with its promise of summer days to come.

He could not tell his father and mother, for they wouldn't understand. But his secret memory of her laughter and beauty would carry him through the long time that stretched ahead until tomorrow night.

Being in love was not like they said it was in books; it was better, much better. It was all the happiness in the world handed to you on a moonit platter. It was being young and foo sh and ready to hurt the one you and then suddenly growing old second like a chrysalis emerging from cocoon-like coming out of childhood into life. +

being able to the werLAIRE WALLACE

he no longer

and his new um and totay knitting or sewing basket, a book or ass of water. It can't be done, unless ou want to risk another fall. Someone

room opened ould invent a carry-all type bag for it's happened ose who use crutches. g married of On the good side, one of the things I

at McKend with the endeavor to beat time. Per-cusingly. "lorce I used to be that way but preserve r?" ne from it. from now on!

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r before he that I no longer have to hurry and I am the lighteneco longer the victim of the deadline. lurry, one of the curses of modern had the dimvilization, is unbecoming to most any took part inoman, causing a tense, hard, strained but nothingok and unattractive lines in the face. party couldecently, when I had my first outing, him, leaving ospital, I was shocked to see how and built of trained the average woman looks these ays, how frantically she hurries about the Georgina; asperated her expression. When I girl friend? elephone business women now, I find heir voices driven, breathless, desperate

Continued from page 11

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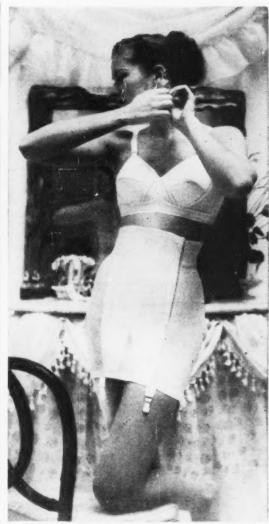
ne from it, from now on!

Why do many women actually fear
Andrews, "nietness, leisure, time on their hands
to think? Again and again, in the past
is coat, Tedrears, I have been asked: "How do you
add said histand the quietness?" Or, "When you
cKendricks have had such a busy life, it must be
cature; Mrs-doubly hard to have nothing to do.

er the tired Aren't you dreadfully bored?"
magined her No, I haven't been bored for one d become asecond, in all these months of illness and inactivity, perhaps because I have been learning so much. When dashing said Mrsaround about your business, self-centred mly. "Patas all get-out and intent on earning the tomorrowmighty dollar, you think everyone else "That is strikes and carries you off to hospital, you learn how the "other half of the couldn't world lives"—that is, the sick and ckendricks suffering. You get a firsthand knowled booming edge of the pain that is endured uncomplainingly by others, and it makes continued you humble and grateful for your own s the door blessings.
rs the door What is a broken hip and a year-and-

a-half of pain and inconvenience compared with the suffering of the young the front matron who had to have her right arm her again, amputated because of cancer, the by a small business girl who suddenly lost her eyewing He sight, the young businessman, father of II see you a growing family, who developed an inoperable brain tumor? A hospital is ed, squeez-full of people like that and their forti-tude, in the face of anguish and tragedy, t his heels teaches a lesson. I was forever receiving nis beating a little note of encouragement, or a tiful the flower from a bouquet, a few candies or awns, the an amusing cartoon from someone, across the usually more ill than I was. Life in with its hospital shows you that the really ill and suffering don't waste much time on ther and self-pity, they are so busy trying to cheer someone in the next room or ward or bed. laughter I have learned a lot about the bravery of

This year, in hospital, friends, relatives and strangers have given me a new they said slant on the deep-down kindness of er, much people. They have written notes and told me not to bother answering, which was a kindness in itself, sent flowers week after week, contributed perfumed soap and dainty bed jackets, made little old a pillows and pretty pillowslips. They shopped for me, visited when I needed company and had the good sense to stay away when I was most ill and feeling



Sta-Up Top Le Gant - No. Y933 as shown peach, white or black, about \$13.50 Bra No. 2295, white or black nylon, about \$3.00

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#### PRIZE CHOCOLATE CAKE

"Yield: Three 8-inch layers

4 cup Swiff ning 14 cups sugar 1 teaspoon salt 1 teaspoon vanilla

% teaspoon soda 2 teaspoons single acting baking powder %2 cup cocoa sour milk\*

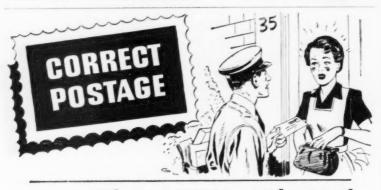
14 cups buttermilk or se Cream Swift ning. Add sugar, salt, and vanilla. Cream until flufty. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Sift together flour, soda, baking powder, and cocoa. Add alternately with buttermilk, adding flour first and last. Mix until thoroughly blended. Line bottoms of three 8-inch pans with two layers of waxed paper. Pour equal amounts of batter into each pan. Bake. Baking Temperature: 375°F. Baking Time: About 33 minutes.

To make 1 cup sour milk place 1 tablespoon vinegar in measuring cup and fill with sweet milk. To make 15 cup sour milk, place 1 teaspoon vinegar in measuring cup and fill to 15 cup mark with sweet milk. Suggested Frosting: Snowy Cream Frost-ng with melted bitter chocolate, Chocolate

Good Cooks are Switching to Swift'ning

is indeed. This tail, uark and toomsome chocolate cake is really a prize-er! chuckles Mariha Logan. This ning Prize Chocolate Cake is so and fluffy, and so scrumptious tast-In fact, you can be sure that every





#### saves embarrassment...and money!

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#### Wrap PARCELS carefully!

Avoid damage by using strong containers, stif-fening boards, etc. Tie

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#### POST OFFICE CANADA



ISSUED BY AUTHORITY OF HON, G. EDOUARD RINFRET, K.C., M.P., POSTMASTER GENERAL

Never again shall I get so busy that I haven't time to visit hospitals and help the sick, for I know now how much these thoughtful gestures mean when you are ill, over a long period of time.

To tell of the patience and gentleness of nurses, the compassion and understanding of surgeons and doctors, would require thousands of words.

A businesswoman who couldn't imagine herself pulled out of circulation an accident, as I was, asked me: When something dreadful like this

happens to you what do you do-commune with God?"

Yes indeed, when you receive a jolt and are not sure what life is trying to do to you, you commune a great deal with God, looking for the answer. Probably we are too quick to credit ourselves with being smart when things go well and too quick to blame God when unfortunate things occur, but when your normal life is painfully disrupted, you do ask why and hope for understanding. Presbyterian I have done my share of praying, but I learned a lot more about the comfort and inspiration of prayer, this year, and I am grateful for the prayers my friends offered for me, for I know they helped a lot.

#### New Depths to Old Friends

One of the pleasures of this year has been reading the Bible from cover to cover, instead of in bits and pieces. I have always planned to do that but never "found time" in my busy days. When some of my friends visited me in hospital and found me reading the Bible they asked, aghast, if I was "getting religion." Others reacted by shyly admitting that the Bible is among their favorite reading matter too, and sent me books on religious subjects, which have proved both enlightening and interesting. In our discussions along these lines I have found new depths to

Reading has, of course, been a constant joy and with time to absorb what I read I have feasted my eyes and mind on books dealing with psychology, biography, the stars in the heavens, art, history, music, as well as the current output of novels.

With time on my hands I have found my taste in music changing. When I was rushing busily around it was easiest to flip on the radio for a musical program and take what it offered, usually something in the popular-for-the-moment line. With hours and hours to listen, the taste becomes more discriminating.

One of the eagerly awaited programs

was the broadcast of the Metropolit Opera from New York each week. between operas I would read up on one that was to come, studying the of the composer, reading the story of opera and bits of the musical score, of which added greatly to my und standing and enjoyment of each p sentation.

Many people are going to tell me tithey enjoy good reading and good mu even though they are busy as bees. did too, but always with an eye to t clock and the deadline, and never v the relaxed absorption of the months.

To help put in time, during the months of illness in hospital and o valescence at home, my mother tau me the old-fashioned art of crochet an afghan and I found quiet pleasure hours at a time in working with bright colors of wool. I have take few language lessons in Hungarian German from Maria Szenk, the little Hungarian D.P. who does housework. Maria speaks excell English but many of her friends do r Until I learned to speak their langu our frustrating conversations on

telephone went like this:
Voice: "Iss Maria . . . ?"
Myself: "Maria is not at hor Would you call her tomorrow? Do y

understand?"

Then deadlock and silence. So I g Maria to coach me on useful phrases various languages and now when h D.P. friends telephone her, this is t way it goes:

Voice: "Iss Maria . . .?"

Myself: "Maria nines ottbon, bit fell bolnap. Koszonom, Isten rele.' ve understand each other perfectly.

Sometimes, during the past months, has been gorgeous just to sit and state into space. Why not? I wasn't in hurry-I had no deadline to meet.

Perhaps this all indicates a painful dull chapter of life to you after the one travel and excitement I have had give up. I will admit to the painful pa but not to the dullness. In many way this has been one of the best years

Soon I will be walking normally again and sometime will get back into the swim of the business world but never, hope, with the desperation of a drownin person. I don't want to lose the peace mind, the enjoyment of quiet things, th savoring of life which I have gained thi year. And I will always remember th kindness and bravery of those I met thi year, those who are laid aside and canno bustle around in the business of the socia world.

#### **GLORIA SWANSON**

Continued from page 24

star with nerve enough to break Hollywood's taboo and have two babies of her own. "I made babies in Hollywood very fashionable. I was the first to adopt a child, too. Then came the epidemic

In a huff at her studio she flounced off to Paris and made a film there. On her return a chastened studio provided her with a private train from which she acknowledged the applause of the crowds at every whistle stop across the continent. At Los Angeles all the great names of moviedom were waiting. From the station she was driven in an open car buried in flowers. And that night her film was premiered with more whoopde-do than Hollywood had ever seen before-or has since.

"I was 26, and at the peak," she recalls. "And that night I felt unhappy I could go no higher—the only way was down."

It happened, a few years later, as she predicted . . .the treacherous downhil slide to nowhere. Fans who had idolized her demanded new faces. And whole orano new generation grew up with Gay Grable. Gloria Swanson was disolete

Instead of loosening her stays and with giving up, Gloria hit the road stock personal appearances, summer itally In 1940 she became radio. interested in politics, and took to the soapbox circuit. She wrote a syndicated fashion column, acquired her own television show and in leisure moments plotted out a book. She became a nents grandmother three times over-and all in all found life so full that there was never time to look back.

ne Metropolin each week. I read up on the studying the lighten story of the nusical score, or to my und not of each p.

g to tell me the and good mu busy as bees. h an eve to t and never we to of the po

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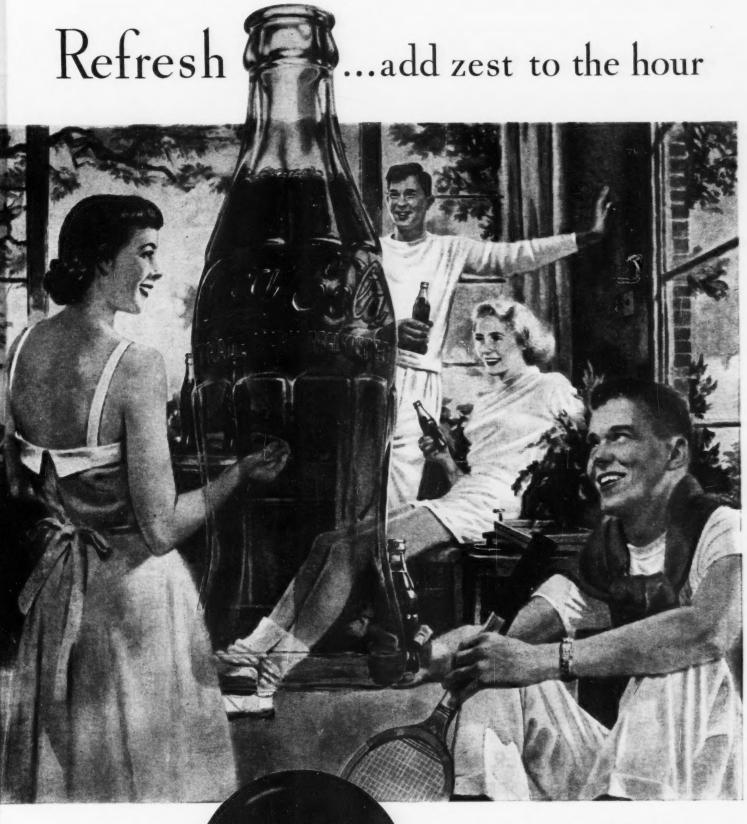
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later, as shous downlike had dollized and a whole Gaynor and as a solete stays and road with more stock to the syndicated er own teles to ments became a ler and all



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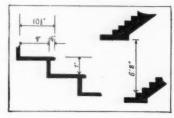
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20. Avoid errors in stair layout. Check to be sure that the "rise" and "run" of each step totals 17½ ins. Proportions shown ensure an easy incline. Minimum headroom should not be less than 6 ft. 8 ins. Avoid winders—wedge-shaped stair treads—at corners. They're a menace. So is a single step. A difference in floor level requires at least 3 steps.

21. Closets should be practical. Modern ideas organize space to suit specific storage needs. Sometimes whole walls contain storage partitions, but even ordinary closets can be improved. Here's a bedroom closet, of minimum 2 ft. depth, with double doors for convenient access. It's divided into two compartments. One is for clothes, the other has sliding trays.









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One night in Chicago, filling in an extra minute on her Teevee program, she did a somersault. Next day she awoke with a kink in her back, and was ordered to hospital. There came the phone call. Hollywood was calling—as it had once before to her in Chicago. They had a script that might interest her-could she come out? It was nine years since her last movie, and that one had been an unhappy experience. Miss Swanson was honest and matter-of-fact. Likely this was a small part in a budget picture. But she agreed to come, as soon as the doctors allowed.

#### Hard Work Paid Off

In Hollywood she made the first screen test of her career, and was scared stiff. She learned that her old rival, Pola Negri, was also being considered for the Then came the verdict-she photographed too young, at 51, to look like the old-time actress of the script. But she was so good otherwise that the make-up men got out the wrinkle box, and Swanson was on the comeback trail. It was no bit part, either, but the principal role she had won.

Those middle years of hard solid work paid off. Gloria acted. She made Norma Desmond, the has-been of the silent screen whose mind is bound in the cobwebs of the past, come alive. It wasn't easy. In the final scene she had to walk down a great staircase, staring blindly into the lens of the camera. "I was in bare feet, and those wide steps were marble. By the time I reached the bottom, keeping in perfect balance, every nerve was screaming. I know the cameramen figured the old girl wouldn't show up next day-but I did, feeling better than ever. I had needed that exercise."

Once a movie is finished, it's customary for the star to throw a party on the set. But following "Sunset Boulevard" cast and crew feted Gloria. They presented a silver cigarette box inscribed, 'To the greatest star of them all." "That," says Miss Swanson, "is my Oscar.

To boost the movie, Gloria was sent out on a cross-country publicity jaunt. We caught up with her on a two-day whirl through Toronto. Her looks can still stagger a stag-line—the slim petite figure, the old high-voltage glamour.

"No one has done such a grueling tour as this," she told us. "Toronto is my twentieth city, and there are 10 more to go. They would only send Old Iron-sides out on this one!" She was flashing her shimmery, panoramic smile, glinting her ice-blue tilted eyes. loving it.

More and more Canadian women are becoming problem drinkers

> What's the reason? What's the answer?

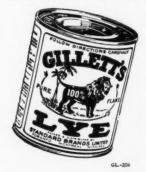
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The Disease That's Been **Driven Underground** 

OCTOBER CHATELAINE

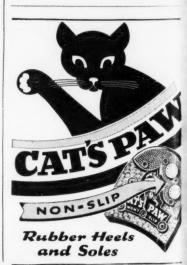


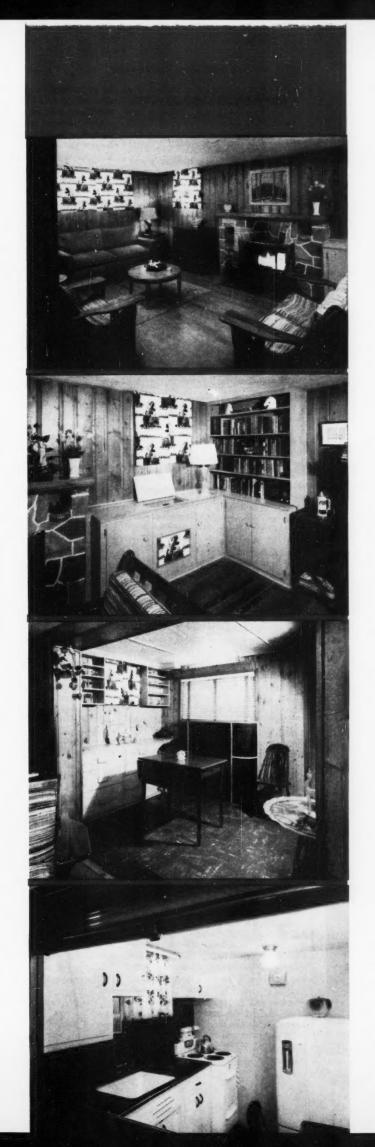
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BY JOHN CAULFIELD SMITH, Home Planning Editor

It's an apartment for two. The "place of their own" that every young couple longs to have. A charming setting for books, records, sweet moments. And it almost didn't happen. Two years ago when Len and Audri Starmer married, they ransacked Toronto for an apartment, but—no luck. Then Len's father and mother offered them the recreation room and laundry in the basement of their bungalow.

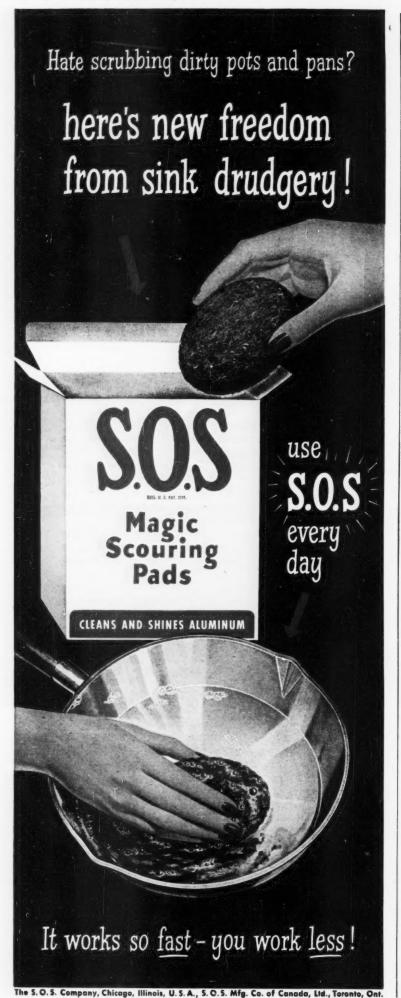
That was the start. Now you see how well, thanks to the ingenuity and energy of this resourceful couple, a basement can meet the challenge of the housing shortage.

The recreation room was divided into a large living room and a smaller dining room. The living area runs the width of the back of the house; the dining room opens off this.

The photographs tell the story. From top to bottom, left, we see first the living—formerly recreation—room. It was already paneled in attractive knotty pine. The floor is fir planking—the color of rich honey. Bed-sofa is upholstered in moss green. Beside it stands a maple chest, beautifully hand-finished by our young couple to a soft glowing red. Over the fieldstone fireplace hangs a print of a famous painting by Canadian artist Lawren Harris. To the right of the fireplace there's a useful cabinet unit topped by a bookcase. The record player is concealed in the top of the counter, and the speaker is covered with the same fabric as the window draperies. For the latter, Audrichose a bright modern pattern in yellow and grey.

Next on the circuit comes the dining room. Built-ins are fir plywood, limed grey. Furniture is painted green, floor is marbleized green mastic tile, with fibreboard ceiling a cheery apple green. A copper bowl with trailing ivy accents the archway between the dining and living areas.

The kitchen used to be the laundry, but you'd never know it now. It has a smart "pass-through" counter of stained fir plywood. Raised, the venetian blind over it permits easy serving to the • Continued on page 54



#### HE ASKED ABOUT YOU

Continued from page 22

'inexperienced,' "said Susie. "I know it's not enough just to know it. That's why I'm trying to kelp you. But I guess nobody can help you but yourself, baby. It's a shame. Such a beautiful girl, too. Here"—she slid Gwen the can opener "have a good time. Cut yourself to

Yes, that was the way Susie would talk when she walked in tonight. Gwen wouldn't dare tell Susie it was her birthday, now. Susie would say, "You couldn't have mentioned it before, I suppose. It would be too much fun to have a little party, or go dancing on a nice cool roof. And since you couldn't manage to break a leg, a cold isn't such a bad substitute. Nice work, chum.

The sheet was heavy and Gwen threw it off. She was cold and she was hot. She craved a cold glass of ginger ale . . .

Aprons

by PAULINE HAVARD

And beauty from the commonplace;

I sing of aprons — flowered print;

Crisp organdie, with bows or lace.

That housewives wear when making

Or sweeping floors; and the same

That small girls wear when playing

In each a timeless beauty lingers;

The memory of a child's bright face;

The comfort wrought by busy fingers.

In miniature; the midget size

Poems come from little things.

The practical variety

a hot cup of soup . . . . . a cough drop. Something. Anything. To be dead. To be in Alan's arms. Oh, Alan. Scalding hot tears came rushing, trickled in her mouth and down her neck.

Last year at this time they'd had dinner in the court-yard of Belle and Lee Randolph's garden apartment. Closing her eyes she could see vividly the glass - topped table on silvery wrought iron legs, the bowl of roses in the centre. She still had the

present he had given her that night, his silver baby mug with the inscription, Alan Rogers Sinclair, April 1, 1922. It was such a touching present. It touched her so, recalling it, that she shook from head to toe with sobs.

"Aw shut up, you dope," she said aloud. She could recall something else since she was in the business. "Remember the date," Alan had said with a grin. "I was born on April Fool's Day.

Like a chair letter, Alan had been around. Did she really want to marry a man like that? Did she want to be there to answer the door when all his slick chicks came home to roost? All right, then.

She concentrated on the thumps in the apartment above, gay unheeding voices in the street. And then, so loudly that she was instantly on her feet, heart pounding, the bell of the apartment rang, and rang again.

He bad remembered.

She hadn't thought she could move, but she was in the living room pressing the buzzer to release the downstairs door. Oh, why had it happened like this, she asked herself, as she tore into the bedroom? There was no time to She flew to the closet and whisked out a robe. She'd known all along she'd been wise not to change apartments when Susie had wanted to.

"Your name will still be in the phone book, won't it?" Susie had said. But why take chances? If he happened to

be in the neighborhood . . . if he sistered the building he'd known so well . . . 4 warr she'd been wise, wise.

Gwen skidded into the bathroom mid a dashed cold water on her face. able able frenzy she combed the thick br hair that didn't look so burnished She slapped powder on her nose an bught stuck with an interesting polka k org effect. Curses, she thought. And ddle. the knocker sounded. at sit

In her flight through the living r she emptied an ashtray. No time f Go o more. She took a deep breath, swallowe cast opened the door.

The man standing outside was nuntil one you'd care to crowd ahead of in Brot line, but at the moment the alive ! eyes countered the purposeful chiewell making him look almost genial. u ope

"Hello," said Joe. "Don't look ou too shocked. I only set fires at night. Heeces. this is the right apartment, isn't it?" en me

"Oh," said Gwen. "Oh, Joe." Gwer "Here"—he put a firm hand on hercy, Gwen arm and pushed her gently towardie felt chair — "sit dos into

before you faorning down." think

velop

'I'm

Gwen's knees be under her as s"Oh, found the chair. T"And north end of tish yo living room roay, bu the south end saret's The whole we inday black, then whi "All and then rushed delieved zily at her, wiass. Joe's squarish fac"So?' concerned eye"Hea dancing in the milu wit dle. Gwen clappe her hands to hean fil zht?

"What's the me stance ter with you? Yeactly, look like a wite out r Were you in bed? "I di

get back there. Are you alonen. T What does Susie mean by going off anat no leaving you ..." leaving you . . .

The sheet was smoothed, the pillogely. plumped and slipped beneath her hearstance A fresh glass of water clacked down of What A fresh glass of water clacked down o Wha the table beside her. Joe's grunts an grumbles filled the apartment with ways warm homely sound like a kettle ole tro ay do the stove.

expe .. no oranges . . . no medicine . no hot-water bottle. Is this the way a di you girls keep house? Better not least I s any boy friends find out." The clatteart the in bath and kitchenette ceased as Fry si reappeared shrugging on his jacke ost w "Have you had any attention?" know

ave it Gwen found that her voice functioned, although it sounded liking, crumpled Cellophane. "Susie didn'l at o es th know I was going to be sick."

"I'll be right back. And don't let any other male but me." here

ome i Gwen was still thinking that one ov when he returned. He had a bottle an "A li spoon and a look of determination.

"No," she cried, with amazing redulge serves of strength. "No, not that." iing e "Castor oil never hurt anyone." "1"

"Hearsay evidence is good enough feneror me."

"You've had your appendix oulis sn
haven't you?

Then what are your haven't you?

Worried about?"

Perhaps, after all, it was wiser noas ov to argue.

Her head nosedropped, her ches don't

if he sistered, her throat painted, her stom-well . . . . warmed by chicken soup, her icy t on a new hot-water bottle, and the throom mid air moved by a new fan, Gwen Int able to do her wheezing sitting

face.

nial.

nished 10 loc sat back in an armchair he had nose and bught in from the living room, Gwen's polka dik organdie party apron around his And thddle. "I won't talk," he said, "I'll st sit here a few minutes in case you velop complications." living re

time f'Go on and talk," said Gwen. "After

swallow castor oil I can stand anything."

'I'm at a disadvantage. You have the was nuntil I have you cornered."

ead of in Brother, you bare me cornered," said

dive browen. "Duck what?"
seful chi Well"—Joe lit a cigarette—"when nial. u opened the door you were radiant.
I't look ou took one look at me and went to ight. Heees. Another visitor would have isn't it?"en more welcome?"

oe." Gwen's glance strayed to the window. and on hercy, the curtains needed washing. towards felt her eyes pulled back. Under sit dos intent look a light reply died you forning. "No," she said with sincerity.

knees be "Yes?" said Joe, encouragingly.
er as s "Oh, just that it was my birthday ...
chair. T "And you didn't drop a hint! d of tish you many happy returns of the oom roay, but perhaps you'd rather I didn't. end saret's pretend your birthday's next ole wearday. Shall we?"
en whi "All right," Gwen said meekly.

think I had a touch of delirium."

rushed delieved, she reached for her water

rushed deneved, she reached for her water her, wass, arish fac "So?" ed eye "Heavens! I'm trying not to bore in the miou with the florid details of my past." in clapp "I'm laying myself wide open. Maybe is to hean fill in a bit. There's another man, zht? That would explain a lot. For ght? That would explain a lot. For s the m. stance, it's not that I repel you

ou? Yeartly, but that you just don't think a witcout me at all."

The whole that impression of the control of t

in bed? I didn't mean to give that impres-ou alonon. The whole thing's over. It's just ng off an at now and then I hear voices."

"It's happened before," Joe said the pillogely. "To quite a few. Me, for her heastance."

down o "What did you do?"

down o "What did you do:
"Well, I tried the cup that doesn't it with ways cheer. Then I took a cruise to kettle of tropics, tossing my cookies all the ay down and back. Then I had a lot the way a diet. When milk toast began to r not lell I said to myself, 'Joe, it's not your the clatteart that's cracked, it's your ego.' It's ed as hery simple. A tells B that B is the siacke ost wonderful creature in the world. pice stiave it reaffirmed by such a discriminided liking, intelligent person as A. Then ie didn at once A likes C better. Now where

es that leave B? See?"
"All very mental," said Gwen. "But n't let i here does the emotional hang-over

one overme in?"

"A little hangs over the rest of your ottle an fe, I suppose, but most of it is pure tion. azing redulgence. Get your mind on some-that." ing else. Me."

"I'll make you an apron." said Gwon

ne." "I'll make you an apron," said Gwen nough fenerously. "What size do you wear?"

Taking off the pink trifle, Joe got updix oulis smile was pleasant, but his eyes are yoere hard. "Don't get me wrong. I'm king you at your word. You said it viser n as over. I'm not offering a shoulder weep on or anything like that. And er ches don't want to waste my time barking up the wrong tree. So now is the time to be honest. If you're positive it's over, cross your heart."

Gwen crossed her heart. Joe leaned over and kissed her on the forehead. "Germs." He picked up his jacket. "If you're feeling all right by next Sunday will you let me give you a birthday party?" He held up his hand. "I'll call you. Get 12 hours sleep.'

He was gone and the apartment seemed curiously quiet. But not for long. Susie's brisk footsteps sounded in the living room. She came in, whipping off her basket-weave straw. "Well," she said. "I met Joe below, looking very well pleased with himself. Her bright eyes took in the living room chair. "Haven't we been cosy here!"

"Uhmm," Gwen said noncommittally. "And a birthday party, no less. Smith and I are also invited. Well it does my heart good to see you spending a little of your valuable time where it will do the most good." Suddenly her eyes narrowed with suspicion. "What did you talk about, picion. "anyway?"

"I'm sick," moaned Gwen. "Leave me alone." "You should be sick," said Susie dis-

gustedly. "So you did it again, huh? You can't stay away from the stuff, can you? Have to go on a binge, get drunk on the sound of his name. With Joe of all people!"

"It wasn't like that this time," said Gwen. "He dragged it out of me From now on I'm on the wagon, I

Susie softened, patted Gwen's pillow. "Darling, I can't bawl you out any more tonight. Hear my news. Smith and I have named the day! To think how I batted all over one of the world's largest cities only to find the perfect man in my little home town of Pikesville. There was my little tomato all the time, ripening on the vine, waiting for me to pluck him."

'Oh Susie. How wonderful!"

Susie preened and flashed a diamond under Gwen's nose. "How'd you like one like it? You marry Joe and we'll buy rose-encrusted cottages jowl to jowl, have our babies at the same time and mind them for each other so we can keep little jobs going on the side and not get too darn stuffy. What do you say?

Gwen closed her eyes. Was it her weakened condition that made it sound so tempting? A husband, a home and babies . . . so secure. "Sounds good."
"What!"

Not too bad."

"For a moment you had me worried." Susie sat down on the edge of the bed. "Now my pretty, Joe's been a pretty good friend to me. Time and again when I was broke Joe staked me when he needed it himself and without a thought of getting it back. When I lost my job he slaved to find me another. You're not to harm a hair of his head, understand?"

bathrooms,

Chatelaine

"Golly, do I have to sign a contract before I even know how much I like the guy?"

"You know what I Susie got up. mean. If you pull any tricks you can look for another bosom friend. rather I will. In the condition you'il be in, you won't be able to."

A husband, home and babies, thought Gwen, and then your troubles were over



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forever after. "Does Joe know how to

cook?" she enquired sleepily. He did, she discovered the following Tuesday evening, over dinner in a neighborhood restaurant. "Just a good plain cook," he informed her modestly. 'I have references. But perhaps you wouldn't be interested."
"No," Gwen met his dark eyes

steadily. "It cuts both ways, you know.

Joe smiled. She smiled. She was feeling better. Her new lime-green linen and her new shiny black cartwheel symbolized a New Start. She looked around the restaurant, also new. It wasn't an unpleasant feeling, being with Joe. Not a mountain peak feeling, of course, but not bad. A nice, comfortable sea level.

"About the party," Joe was saying. "Sunday afternoon. Is there anyone you'd like to include?"

"Only Susie and Tom Smith."

"No one else, sure?"

"Sure."

"I'm getting a little nervous," Joe confessed. "I can't recall that I've ever really given a party before, as distinguished from a brawl . . . or gone to many," he added as an afterthought.

"For heaven's sake, why not?"

"There wasn't time. I was too busy bringing up my brothers. But," he added hastily. "Don't look so worried. They're self-supporting now. All my money will be my wife's and hers alone. Lucky creature.'

A couple was squeezing past Joe's chair and Gwen looked up.
"Why Gwenyth Dexter," a lilting

voice said. "I haven't seen you in simply ages. I'm perfectly furious at The petite figure, gleaming in white sharkskin and white turban, pivoted to the man behind her. Randolph, you can tell Gwen I've been so mad at her I could die."

"Hello, Belle," said Gwen. "Hello,

Lee."
"I'm perfectly enraged," said Belle. Her long black eyelashes fluttered

"Mr. Quip, Mrs. Randolph," said Gwen. "Mr. Randolph."

"Please don't get up," said Belle.
"We're on our way out." She gave Joe a dazzling smile and swayed toward Gwen. "Everyone's asking about you. The Betts. The Ackermans. And you remember Alan Sinclair, I'm sure you do. Just the other day he asked about you. He wanted to know how you were, what you were doing, everything about you. And what could I tell him? I was

so embarrassed I could die."
"She's right," said Lee.

"Come over and see us!" said Belle.
"Why don't you and Mr. Quip come over this very night? For a few minutes. Please do.'

"Thank you, Belle."
"If you don't," said Belle. "I shall be perfectly indignant."

"Does she mean it?" Joe said, when

they'd left. "Why yes," said Gwen. "Yes, I think she does."

Her peach melba arrived and she bent to it eagerly. Her whole body tingled, glowed. Joe's voice came from Mars. There was a louder voice in her ears.

"He asked about you." "He asked about you."

What harm could come from dropping in at the Randolphs for just a few minutes? It would be quite a bit

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different from the last time, sat lying different.

ΗE

Funny, how she hadn't realized sh been haunting them, actually, until th evening. Whenever she wasn' little French restaurant that had be Alan's favorite, she had dropped in the Randolphs, after work, in evening, practically patroling the stre outside the house. Belle's little fro had warned her and suddenly known. Alan was coming with the blone and there was Gwen, waiting to tal it between the eyes.

But to go with Joe. She could be Belle Randolph, "Alan Sinclair, I so Gwenyth Dexter the other day. She look perfectly stunning and she had the mo fascinating man with her."

Come to think of it, Joe was handson in a ruffianly sort of way. Belle has thought so. She was extremely paticular where she flung those cyclashe Gwen tilted her eyes at Joe and smile "Whew," said Joe. "Don't knock n

off my base too suddenly." "What's the matter?"

"You were looking a little peaked be now . . . those sparkling eyes, the melting smile. Take it easy. Creep to on me." Suddenly he reached over at squeezed her hand.

In a warm rush of feeling she gave answering squeeze. She felt light, soa ing, happy. Oh, so happy.
"I was going to lure you over to a

apartment," said Joe. "But may better not. Shall we walk, see a me drop in on your friends?

"They don't live far," she sa casually. "I suppose we could drop for a minute or two."

Hurrying home the next evening faint unease that had been stirri inside her came to the surface, as s saw Joe waiting for her, trying to look if he'd accidentally parachuted this spot.

Of course, they had tossed Alar name around a bit last night, but the had been all of them. Belle and Lee, to just herself. It might have been at gossip about an old family friend college pal or something. Joe had be a little quiet but wasn't that natur

with strangers? No harm done at all. "He asked about you." A cloud sl under her feet and wafted her to Jo "Howdy, stranger."

"Do you like pickled herring asked Joe.

"Adore it." Joe had to hurry to kee up with her. The mailbox was pulling her like a magnet.

There was a letter in it! She fumble for her key with suddenly twitchin fingers, dropped it. Joe picked up t key and looked at her quizzical ICE Expecting an important letter?'

"I'm just like a little girl when comes to opening things." She pull She pull out the letter. Her stomach turned ov with a sickening jolt. It was not in familiar rapid scrawl, but in writing the was bold, firm, strange.
"It's from me," said Joe.
"Oh," said Gwen. "Oh

"Oh, thank you Shall I read it now?"

'Gosh no. Save it for dim lights an soft music and when Susie isn't around "I'll do that."

She couldn't wait to get into the apartment, but it hadn't been telephone ringing. Someone else's.

"I'm going to have shrimps with special sauce," Joe was saying. "Do 70 like shrimps?"

HE MAY NOT ALWAYS

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"Adore them." She offered Joe a

"This is cute," he said. "Using a baby mug for a cigarette holder. never knew what happened to my baby

The neon smile she'd been using in lieu of speech switched on almost automatically now. "Didn't you?"

An ordinary birthday gift, she thought suddenly, you'd keep of course. But not something like this. It was a personal possession that was really loaned. Why hadn't she thought of that before? The thing to do was return it, send it back with a gay little note. Now, what

could she say?
"Listen," said Joe. "That starry look is going to lead to no good. How about dinner?"

"I'd adore it." She could say, "Forgive me for keeping this so long," No. Perhaps, "I know you must No. Per want this.'

"Any special place you'd like?"

Her eyes focused. She said gaily, "Oh no, anywhere, anywhere at all, But come to think of it, there's a little French restaurant I used to love, I haven't been there in ages. Like to try it?"
"That reminds me," said Joe. "Do

you like pâté de foie gras?'

"I adore it. Simply adore it."

Joe's face swam before her eyes. She filt her shoulders grasped, her head pushed back as his lips came hard on pushed back as his hips came nate on hers. In her ears like fairy chimes tinkled the refrain..." He asked about you." She responded in an excess of sheer joy. Joe kissed her again, lingeringly, found no resistance.

"Hey, kids," said Susie, slamming the door. "Break it up. Break it up."

"We seem to be on the horns of a duenna," Joe looked down at Gwen. 'Another of the same?"

"I've had a genteel sufficiency, thank you." Gwen smoothed her hair Gwen smoothed her "Good-by, Susie. This week will you please mop under the beds?"

On her way to powder her nose, the vision of the little silver mug went with her like the Holy Grail.

Wrapping it didn't take so long. It was the gay little note that was hard.

Finally she simply said, "April Fool,"
"Say," Susic called from the living room the day of Joe's party. "Where's our cigarette holder gone?

"Where would you go if you were a cigarette holder?" Gwen looked in the bedroom mirror. Her face was flushed. She had put on one dress and then another. Now she wore a soft blue with a flaring skirt, wine linen pumps, a picture hat with a wine ribbon.

"I just want one little cigarette." Susic appeared in the door and gaped. 'Can't you make up your mind? Is that the third or the fourth? Joe must really be rating. Have I seen that number

"Last year's." Gwen evaded her eyes, put on wine lipstick with a trembling hand.

The doorbell rang. "There's Smith now. Get a wiggle on."

Gwen said airily, "You two run on ahead."
"Why?" asked Susie starkly.

"I . . . I don't feel very well. Maybe I got up too soon. In fact, I may not be able to stick it out very long so I don't want to start too early . .

"Oh," said Susie. Her eyes went blank. "He's giving the party especially



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for you. He's worked his head off. He's happy as a kid. I don't see how you can even look the clock in the face.

"Look at me!" cried Gwen, in despair. "I see the hectic spots if that's what you mean. But it might not be T. B."
Gwen's knees buckled and she sank

into a chair with genuine faintness. "All right," said Susie hastily. "But remember what I told you." She drew a finger victously across her throat. "Be seeing you."

Gwen heard the door close with vast relief. It was lucky, indeed, that the call from Belle had come when Susie was

out buying rolls for breakfast.
"Darling," Belle had said. "I have a lovely surprise for you. I won't say another word, but come over this afternoon. Please do."

"I can't this afternoon, Belle. Any other time."

Belle grew fervent, almost pleading.
"I know it's the very last minute but you've got to come. I'll be perfectly." miserable. I'll be so miserable I'll die.

"Can you tell me any more, Belle?" "I wanted it to be a surprise, but, well, I think Alan's coming by bimself. And since he asked about you just the other day . . . Maybe I'm being perfeetly idiotic but I'd be so happy . . . Darling, you have to come!"

Gwen got up, smoothed the blue skirt. put more powder on her flaming cheeks. When there were a lot of people at Joe's it would be easier to come-and go. After all, it wasn't as if she didn't intend to show up at all.

The small shadow of anxiety on Joe's face vanished like magic when he saw her. "Not a dry throat in the house," he announced cheerfully.

The room was full of people. In a dream she felt herself led from one to another. Even through her fog she couldn't avoid hearing the ring of pride in Joe's voice. "Miss Dexter," his words said, matter-of-factly, but his tone fairly shouted, "See my girl. Isn't she beautiful? Isn't she lovely? This is my girl, see?"

Gwen sank thankfully on a sofa. With an air of rapture Joe brought her the shrimps, the canapes. "Don't eat too much," he warned, pressing it on her. "There's a buffet supper later."

She hadn't heard that, Gwen decided. She had misunderstood.

More people came, voices grew gayer. The hands of her wrist watch crept toward five and past it. The afternoon was dying. She sat, slowly freezing with desperation, while inside a sense of urgency swelled to the breaking point. She saw Susie get up and go toward the dressing room. She was on her feet. She was following.

"I hate to disturb Joe, Susie," her voice came thinly. "Tell him I didn't want to spoil his party, but I felt too sick to stay."

Susie gave her one stinging look. "Don't ask me to pull your old chestnuts out of the fire.'

'All right. I won't." Now reason had fled completely. She was gripped by one compulsion, to get out. Had flames been crackling around her she couldn't have been more obsessed. She flew into the tiny hall and grabbed up her hat just as Joe, with a questing look, came out of

the living room.
"Joe, I don't want to spoil your party, but I feel so sick I have to go. It's been lovely. My heart's broken. Just let me slip out quietly."

"No such thing," said Joe. "I'll take you home and tuck you in. It's all m fault for rushing things. I should ha waited."

"No," cried Gwen in unreason panic. "No. I won't have you le your guests. I'll get a cab. I'll be he in a minute. Please, Joe."

Joe's eyes slowly darkened in echoing silence. The muscles of his tightened, and a small hard smile peared on his lips. "Somebody shoutell you, Gwen. You're not an exp

"Something came up . . . someth

"All right, Gwen," Joe said quie 'I'm tough. I can take it.'

Home, husband, babies were go aglimmering. Recklessly, she let the but getting on the other side of t

Joe opened it. "Good-by, swe Maybe someday you'll hear I ask about you. 'Oh yes, how is good of Joe,' you'll say. 'Why, just fine. Ma ried to someone who's devoted to hi He wouldn't want any other kind." "Good-by, Joe," she said faintly.

slipped out and down the stairs.

She felt weak, limp, drained, now t she had accomplished her purpose. Tinner drive that had carried her this suddenly died, but the momentum of ried her along. One foot stepped ahe of the other. It was as if escape its had been the act she wanted to achie not getting to Belle's.

Yet here she was, so soon, starn blankly at the Venetian blinds of the ground-floor apartment. She could be the soft lilting murmur of Belle's v through the open windows, and a sudde burst of masculine laughter. Whether was Lee's or Alan's she couldn't tel The street, the apartment, the peop inside had no reality. She made an effor to project herself into the moment ahead, with no success

There was a little plot of grass in from picket fence, two steps leading down All she had to do was walk down steps up to the turquoise door and the brass bell. Then, why didn't do it instead of standing there in slanting sun holding onto the pi-fence as if she were going down for

All at once she knew why. All at o awareness hit her like a body blow. Pai horror, despair, disgust rolled over h in wave after wave. Bright Terribly keen of her to discover now t she didn't want to be here after all, I right back where she had just be What was she doing to herself, to h life? What had she already done?

She sensed rather than saw the ma who came up beside her. "No, Gwen Alan said. "I'm not a ghost. And I hope you're not, either. I've never like girl ghosts.'

She looked at him blankly, at the lith grace of him, the teasing eyes. "Aren' you coming in?" he said. "Get out" this frost and into a warm discussion

Now was the time for something provocative, witty, devastating, some thing she could recall with satisfaction when she was old and grey and nodding in the chimney corner, something sh could write in her memoirs.

"I've got to go somewhere," she said She turned and fled.

Home, husband, babies . the last thing she was thinking of now All she wanted was to get back to Jot





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Susie didn't look a day older.

"Did he stand you up?" she said "You shouldn't have come back. We'n doing fine. We've turned it into at engagement party for me."
"Please, Susie, don't. Where is he

"Just trail the bloodstains in the

Joe was coming out of the kitchen. H backed into it slowly as he saw her, he dark eyes expressionless. "Forget some thing?" he said.

Behind him on the drainboard was birthday cake, with little pink candle pink icing—"Happy Birthday, Gwen. Her eyes blurred. "Oh Joe, I heard yo asked about me. It reminded me hadn't seen you in much too long. But my eyes are open now. Wide open. See?"

Joe looked at her steadily, "Can | trust this?"

She went to him, humbly laid he head against his chest.

She felt the stiffness slowly go out of him, his arms close around her. "A I want is a chance to prove it. Give me chance to prove it, Joe?"

### SUMMER BACHELORS

Continued from page

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window. It beings to pour. "Did-I-or didn't-I shut that dining room window? he asks himself. He knows he'll neve know until he gets home and by the it will be too late, anyway. He knowsh cannot confide in the other men in th office. He is afraid of being laughed at Or, worse still, of having one of them say, "Ah, just forget it." If he hear that phrase he has a feeling it wou incite him to murder.

The summer bachelor has device for tempting his memory for such thing as closing windows and turning of lights. He read about them in book devoted to improving the memory. The most common is to go back over all th activities leading up to the time who the window should have been closed Often the summer bachelor can actually see himself closing the window in h mind's eye. He feels relieved. Then thinks: "Maybe that was yesterday. Then he gets the Did-I-or-didn't-I's a over again.

That final poking around which a will performs when leaving a house to ansur that everything is in order drives husband to distraction. "Come on come on, we're late as it is," he keep telling her. "What are you going down there for?"

The summer bachelor performs of actly the same inspection and switche on lights to do so. remember whether he has switched them off. So he has to start all over again. It what is known as a vicious circle.

Probably most disconcerting to the husband left to himself is the sidden cessation of functions he considered automatic. They are mostly trivial For the important matters he has pro pared himself. He knows where he going to eat, for instance.

Take the matter of newspaper and magazines, however.

It's amazing how these periodical will pile up on the living room floor of the summer bachelor. When he eave

the only em in the morning he finds them there night. They haven't disappeared they used to. so long t

And then there is the matter of beds. A husband just naturally expects to ave a tousled bed and return to a ade bed. He comes to believe this is mething inexorable like the seasons. e returned home to his bed and found anmade, a husband would stare at it believingly. Then he would have mething To Say About The Matter. is only when he becomes a summer helor that a husband realizes that ds are not governed by some obscure ce, expressly provided to serve him. night an unmade bed looks terrible t there it is, all coiled and twisted ed staring him straight in the face. It done nothing about itself in all those urs since he left it in the morning. ventually, he has to do something out it. Even a man won't sleep on an made bed for more than a week at a

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#### Free as the Breeze

If the summer bachelor is vain about iself as an amateur cook, he always ns to prepare himself many the tasty h once he becomes free of female rference. There is one large flaw in e arrangements for culinary exmentation, however. It is that most des are expert in only a few ipes. They may make the town's best soup au gratin or be known far d wide for their Irish stew. How long you live on onion soup au gratin or sh stew? There comes a time when st beef and boiled turnip is in order. d that's where your average summer chelor flunks out.

One major consolation of the summer chelor (he tells himself) is that he is w as Free-As-The-Breeze. He can do ost anything, except get arrested, and away with it. He has vague plans de, mostly based on his freedom to ne in any time he chooses.

Your summer bachelor pictures himself newhat as a minor-league Champagne arlie. Not looking for trouble, mind But in a position not to care ether he dodges it.

He finds this is the greatest of his disllusions. He may stay up until lam, for a couple of nights just for the velty of the thing. He finds himself where to go. "Let's go out somewhere night," he says to a friend. "My

night," he says to a friend. "My fe's away." "Well, mine's not," the

end replies and leaves him. The summer bachelor is afraid to have friends in for poker. He is fearful of at will happen to the furniture withfemale restriction. In addition, he to consider cleaning up the imbles by himself. He knows his nds won't offer to stay and help, her. "So long, pal," they'll say. you're going to have some ecleaning here, eh?" They say this cheery, hail-fellow-well-met sort of which the summer bachelor finds

hen he is alone the summer bachelor his home unnaturally quiet yet he sounds he never noticed before. will be sitting quietly reading, for ince, when he will hear a creak in the room. He investigates this and nothing. But he turns on the in the room. He goes around to the r rooms. He turns on the lights in m, too. He becomes fidgety. He finds the fact there is nobody around to get on his nerves is getting on his nerves. Noises which he never listened for, he hears distinctly.

He hears water running through pipes and the sound of the motor in the refrigerator is unnaturally loud.

He wishes the children were there so he could tell them to keep quiet and let him read. He feels in a complaining mood but is bereft of an object for his irritation.

"Interrupt me," he feels like shouting. "What's all this quietness here?"

The tradesmen have long since stopped calling and he runs out of ordinary necessaries like milk, salt and matches. He seldom remembers to put out the garbage.

"This house is like a morgue," he says to himself. He finds this a profound observation and repeats it. "This house is just like a morgue when the family are away."

Call it treason if you will,

A summer bachelor soon learns that a family is a handy thing for a man to have around. .

**ABOUT ENGLAND** Continued from page 5

You don't mean that anyone can live graciously in England under present conditions?

A successful Vancouver businessman just back from London could answer that. We asked him hadn't he enjoyed it there, that sensation of the thoughts and feelings and emotions of centuries crowding around him as he walked through the City of London?



Have you tasted Miracle Whip?

THE MOST POPULAR SALAD DRESSING EVER CREATED

### Never neglect a tiny blister



Any finy cut can become injected. Never take a chance

Cleanse the blister properly. Then put on Band-aid, the acnesive bandage that stays put even on hard-to-bandage places.

It comes to you individually wrapped keeps out dirt, helps prevent injection.

Courion: Remember not all actesive bandages are EAND-AID. Only Johnson & Johnson makes BAND-AID.

\*BaNC-all a te regatire tree man e



in a gracious country home before a fire? The London theatre? The art gallery exhibitions that critics say are more stimulating than they have been for years? The good music available to everyone?

His answer was a snort. "Look," he said, "any country where I can't get ham and eggs stinks for my money."

No, in England one can't have han and eggs. And you don't tell your butcher what you want, he tells you what is available, such as it is. But with some planting, some shopping around and some queueing you can still present an interesting menu in England.

In a large home, where the food available is the same, basically, as a workman's, dinner will be served from the best china and solver. The candles will be lighted and coffee with lopeous will be served in the drawing-room. Then you realize that gracious living is more than a large roast in the oven.

Are British women as dowely at ever?

I didn't know prewar England, so I can only say that on the streets of London today the women are smarter, better groomed and dressed with better taste than in the average Canadian city. Sure, there still are the country types in their shapeless tweeds who dress that way because they like it. But clothes rationing made the average Englishwoman clothes conscious. In the days when she could only have a limited wardnote, no matter what her means, she learned to buy good basic clothes and highlight them with clever accessories.

Now that rationing has gone, she hasn't forgotten het lesson. Utility cioches, introduced during the war, help her out. Famous designers, such as Hartnell and Molyneux, must contribute a certain number of their designs to be made up in mass quantity. If you shop around you can buy clothes designed by them with racellent tailoring for about half of what you would pay for a smillar garment in Canada. Granted you might see someone else wearing the same dives, if you left it unchanged. But a little imagnative effort with buttons or belt or scarf can change sometime busically good in design into an original.

In the conturer-designed courses Bernam is making a hid for world terogration and world markets. Last autumn I attended the writer fashion shows in both Paris and London and for chic and wearability there wasn't much to choose between them, a statement that wouldn't have been possible prewar.

The me time a different England than you get a the end of 1945?

There is a much wider variety of boot available, although it is more expensive. People have become as conscious of the appearance of their erties and their houses as they now are of their own. London was never noted for much cleaning of public buildings, but the war has made then appreciate the buildings that are left. Systematic cleaning and repairs are giving London a tace lifting that makes her look gaver and cleaner than Montreal. Toronto or Vancouver. Business firms, shops and government offices, conscious of the agget, decayet-loost mak of the bomb damage across the street, but window noxes ful of pright flowers in their WIRGIOWS. You nor't set the bond damage.

Now that housewives can buy frest, curtains and chimizes, homes are losing

in the box or by the only source of the source and the source of the sou



New fall models of the famous namewoven SCOTIAN CRAFT casuals are out in their breath-taking automashades. Unrivalled wearing quality Systet or master hands. Write for nearest dealer's name or samples to Scottam Craft Weavers, Truro, N.S. Ahout \$59.50

their shabby wartime depression. To things may seem minor, but ney add to a little sparkle of galety a a counthat still hasn't too much to be a about.

It would almost seem the there a remaissance of the arts in Coat Brita as people without some of the comformation of the comformation in the contentration into other than Eastern Canada last winter saw a vigor and the imaginativeness of Sade Wells ballet. The contemporary Engliness being composed is as a records are the new books being written, in the we plays produced and the reportures paintee.

If editorial comment is permitted could I suggest that Canadian artists all types might be willing to trade so of their country's comforts for a little to their country's comforts for a little awar country in the less materials they are trying to create. London alone there is a large colony Canadian artists, musicians, actors an writers achieving an amazing average success and finding the satisfaction achievement it spots of austerity.

When about the British middle days it on its way out?
That's one of the dark shadows of the

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That's one of the dark shadows of the picture. No matter what your politic you must agree that the middle class is centuries has provided this, and othe nations, with their vigor, their statesme, writers and thinkers, scientists, financiers, prodessional men, soldiers. It is this class in Bertair which is having a difficult struggle for survival.

To pay for socialization of industriand medicine, as well as working-elashousing and fixed subsidies, the Labe Government found it necessary to tathe modelle class to strangulation point Idealistically it could be considered at the necessary borth pains of a brave new British world. Facing it realistically it is the slow murder of the class who mad Britain great. To dismiss it in such few words its ludicroses, but perhaps ever mention of it may give the germ for thought.

Economic questions come thick and fast: what about socialized medicine? Is British trade and industry recovering?

Experts hesitate to answer thes questions and perhaps my wisest cours is to retreat hastily. Finging a few word over my shoulder.

Socialized medicine has brought med cal care to hundreds of thousands t whom it has never previously bee available. But with it it has brough methiciency caused by overwork the too-few doctors and the usua amount of racketeering. Doctors adm they can no longer give individua patients the attention they once did with often tragic results. Valuable time is taken by endless filling in of forms Patients complain of the inability ! choose their own physicians. Others wh prefer to consult specialists who come under the scheme moan that they not only pay the high Harley Street fee but must also pay taxes for medica services they do not use.

The queues outside doctors' of as are among the longest in the county and emergency cases suffer according.

As to British inclustry; while we were in Great Britain the Board of Trade gave us every facility to look at the country's inclustrial export drive. The output of factories, from motor works

Continued on page 72



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More than any other room, it's the housewife's own, where she spends a necessary four to six hours every day. There are many ideas for making the kitchen a brighter, pleasanter place and kitchen work easier. Here are some of them you'll want to discuss with your Plumbing Contractor when planning a modern, efficient kitchen.

AREAS—The basic kitchen layouts ("U", "L" and "Corridor" or "Aisle"), each adaptable to many variations, are all designed to arrange the three main kitchen areas



to best advantage.
These areas are:
The Receiving and Storage Area (where the refrigerator be-longs); the Prepa-ration and Clean-ing III. Area (of

ration and Cleaning-Up Area (of which the sink is the centre), and the Cooking and Serving Area (where the range is the basic unit). You might like, too, to consider a planning table—with provision for cook books, recipe files, invoices, and perhaps a telephone and radio. Probably you'll also want to plan for eating some meals in the kitchen—using table and chairs, breakfast nook, breakfast bar, or a foldaway table. foldaway table.

foldaway table.

The HEART—The sink has been called, with reason, "the heart of the kitchen". It is the work centre where the day's kitchen duties begin and end. Two major types of kitchen sinks are now available, each with variations. For those who wish to build their sink into a composition counter top, the "flat rim" type of sink can be obtained with either single or double basin and with or without integral back ledge. For the many who prefer their sink and drainboard as a continuous unit, suitable for cabinet installation, gleaming porcelain sinks can be obtained—with able for cabinet installation, gleaming porcelain sinks can be obtained—with single or double basin, having drainboards at each side. A complete selection of types and materials is offered in the modern Crane line—smart to look at, labour-saving to use, easy to clean. Ask your Plumbing Contractor for complete information.

LIGHT—Colour scheme, window space, arrangement of lighting—all can help make the kitchen brighter and cheerier. Some ideas: have sink under a window—low enough so that lawn or garden and children at play are in view . . . have a light over sink with its own control switch . . . have several electric outlets—for appliances, refrigerator, possibly electric range—and perhaps an extra one for vacuum cleaner and floor polisher.

MIXING-You'll want to consider the advantages of the "mixing spout

faucet". This delivers water at the tem-I fis delivers water at the temperature you desire through one spout. It supplants the individual hot and cold water faucets which chill or might scald the hands. You can also obtain a spray, attached to a rubber hose, with which to clean vegetables and wash down

the sink

the sink.
STORAGE—Adequate and proper storage space, both above and below the level of the working surfaces, is most important. The ideal, of course, is to have everything off the counter tops (except for such equipment as food mixer and coffee grinder) and readily accessible to the appropriate work area. Cooking utensils, for example, should

be conveniently stored between sink and range.

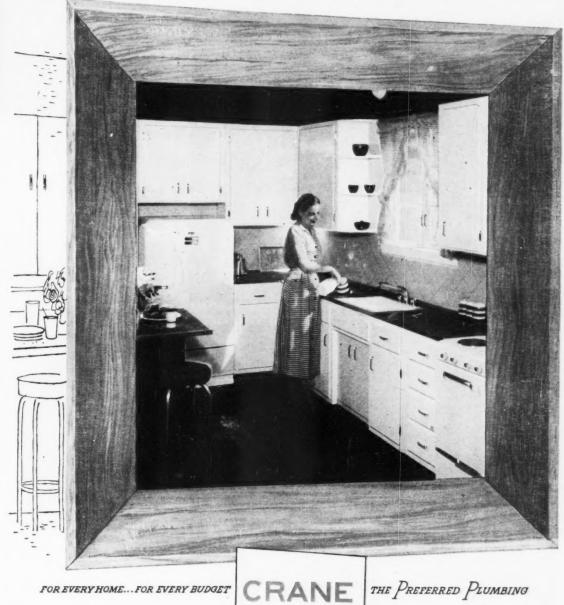
and range.

Many types of cabinets are obtainable today. They can be custom built of wood to fit precise specifications, or can be purchased as individual units either in wood or steel for grouping in almost any arrangement. A noteworthy unit is the modern under-sink cabinet, supplied as one unit to fit either single-drainboard or double-drainboard sinks. All Crane sinks can be supplied with All Crane sinks can be supplied with factory-made cabinets to match modern kitchen interiors.

UNSEEN—Equally important as the things seen in the kitchen are those un-seen—such as the piping behind the walls which provides an ample supply

of running water and carries away the waste. That is another reason why it is always wise to check your plans with your Plumbing Contractor. Then you can be sure of having an economical and efficient piping system. He can supply you with a complete, dependable Crane installation—the type of kitchen sink you desire—all your bathroom fittings and fixtures—and all the valves and piping that service them.

Ask him, too, for the Crane booklet "Planning Your Bathroom and Kitchen"—or write direct to Crane General Office: 1170 Beaver Hall Square, Montreal 2, Quebec.





FOR EVERY HOME... FOR EVERY BUDGET

This attractive Crane sink is the ideal "work centre" for a modern kitchen. It is built for efficiency, smart appearance and long life . . . and is easy to keep bright and clean. It is one of the reasons why CRANE is Canada's popular and preferred plumbing.

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#### WIFE FOR RICHARD

Continued from page 13

very little of the younger set in which the girls moved it was usually Carol who approved the outing or company. From the start Sybil had been sure that with all the good will in the world Carol had never been fully aware of her sister's There were too many movements. nights when Rosalie slipped in quietly very late and, if questioned the next morning, explained it glibly away. was hard for Sybil to be openly dubious when Carol, herself as straight as a die, never questioned anyone's honesty. And again about Axel Sautell, how was she going to begin about him to Richard? He already detested him, mistakenly, on Carol's account.

"Darned foreigner and no good into the bargain!" he would growl when Axel appeared at the house at all odd hours the day. "Hasn't he any work to do? What is he planning with Carol, do you think? To live on my money?

In point of fact everyone else knew

that it was months now since Carol had seen anything in Axel. He had long ceased to enjoy, as a displaced person and a lost artistic soul, her tender, sympathetic regard. He still came ostensibly to see Carol, but it was Rosalie who entertained him, who accompanied him, seemingly as stand - in for her sister, to all sorts of outings.

As Carol's and not Rosalie's declared friend it was difficult, Sybil found, to deal with the matter. To make things harder the past week the women's conference had ended and Carol had taken the visitors to spend a few days at the seaside cottage at Palm Beach.

Sybil was in the garden one morning when without warning a car shot up the driveway and as it was braked to a standstill, Carol leaped out, waved a negligent hand to her stepmother and went up into the house. Sybil hesitated for a moment, then followed her upstairs.

"Carol," she began, without unnecessary finesse, for Carol was already submerged in the depths of her clothes closet. "Carol, I don't want to seem to fuss, but Rosalie really does keep the most preposterous hours for a girl not yet out of her teens. Perhaps you could speak to her. Now that you are away it isn't easy to-well, for me to make an issue of it and it is really necessary.

"Doesn't Rosalie tell you where she is going when she is out? Father told her she was to."

"Yes, I know." Sybil suddenly felt very patient. She was beginning to sympathize with Bill. "She does to a point, but most of her friends are just

names to me."

"Oh, they are all right, most of them," replied Carol, unearthing a pair of old golf shoes and regarding them with satisfaction. "There-I thought I had lost them-they are the only pair I play really comfortably in. It was worth making the trip to find them. About Ros. Don't worry too much there,

Sybil. I'll be home next week some in and those kids she goes round with like herself-young and a bit wack but pretty sound for all that."

Sybil picked up one of Cam driving gloves, smoothed it and laid on the bed with its mate.

"I hope you are right," she sawly. "Perhaps it would be better slowly. Rosalie saw more of these youngs and less of Axel Sautelle."

"Axel!" Carol was interested enough to sit up and look up at Sybil through barrage of skirts. "Axel-he knows away; what is he doing still around?

"What indeed!" said Sybil dry "Actually he is the only escort Rosa ever leaves the house with."

"Then that is all right," Carol co tinued her clothes hunt. "Despite d couragement, in case you don't know Sybil dear, he hopes to make the gra with me. He thinks that acting h brother to Ros all helps.'

She stepped out of the cupboard swept together a jumble of skirt jackets and sporting-looking accessor and took leave of her stepmother.

"Well, by - by I must fly. someone waiting for me in the car She smiled across her stepmother.

The abundan warmth of h nature had lon since flowed out an covered the fir awkwardness of th relationship b tween them. Sybil smallness and air of delicacy offered herself as at object of protective care and she wa

promptly included in Carol's sym-

"Don't worry about Axel, he look ardent enough to sunburn you, but h really is easy to keep in check," she called as she went downstairs.

Sybil wanted to run after her and say

To a Cowboy

by ALICE DUCH

No task is too hard for you to per-

You've captured a dangerous rustler today,

And singlehanded you've rounded

Brave little cowboy, why do you cry

When Mother washes your ears?

No danger too great to dare.

And lassoed a runaway, mare

And branded a herd of steers.

form:

angrily:
"For you, perhaps—you with you women's right head full of sport and women's right and shiny, splendid plans for the big new world-you are fairly safe, even from men like Axel Sautelle. But what do you know of the tricks that nature may play on a pretty, idle thing like Rosalie

But when Carol turned and waved a final careless hand, she raised her own in return and called flatly, "Good-ly!"

Rosalie didn't come in until alter dinner; she had been out with Axel and when she came in, there was about her, Sybil noticed at once and with misguing. a radiance that seemed to melt down her young brittleness, so that she came into the drawing-room, shared her stepmother's hot bedtime drink without scorn and began, for the first time, to talk of where she had been.

"She wants a listener because sh happy and must talk to someone," thought Sybil soberly. "If only Richard or Carol were here to see it and be alarmed too-if only it were any no but Axel Sautelle-if only they don't see too much of each other before Richard comes back."

"Did you know," Rosalie was saying. "that they are having a Mardi Gravat Continued on page 61

Colours and patterns to refresh a whole room, to brighten the air of a whole house. Now, and for years ahead, because Indecolor fabrics carry a charmed life, secure against fading or 'running' in the wash. SANDER SON INDECOLOR FABRICS sun-resisting

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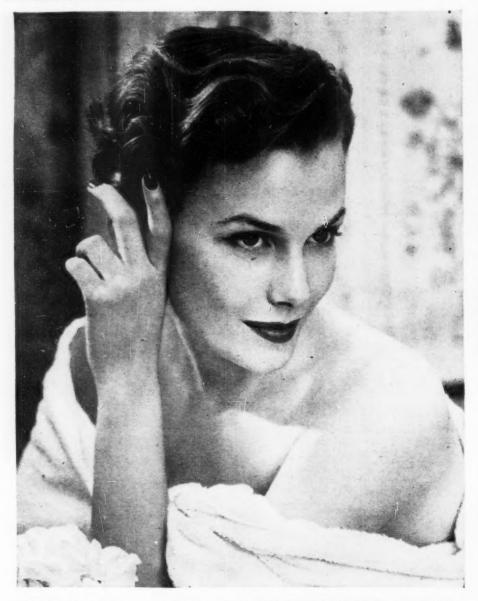
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### HOW TO LIVE A FRAGRANT LIFE

The world is alive with fragrance. At every turn, in every life, it holds forth a promise that can make a lot of difference to your happiness. The fragrance of flowers... of the misty outdoors on a Spring morning... of a fine perfume; all these provide a lift, a sense of well-being which almost nothing else can give. And this feeling of happiness overflows your personal boundaries to please those about you.

Fragrance suggests, first, a fine perfume — a concentrated scent both lasting yet refined. But fragrance is also important to your beauty routine in other versions — toilet water, dusting powder, talc, sachet, bath salts. Each serves its special purpose of gentle, stimulating refreshment. Each should be fragrance-related to the other — and to the perfume you wear. And each is that much finer when it's one of the exquisite fragrances made by world-famous Coty.

Can one fragrance please all who want to live a fragrant life? Hardly. So Coty suggests your choice of four fragrances which have stood the all-important test of time...four scents in a complete range of bath accessories.

They're packaged in these colors:

Rich magenta red — Coty's L'Aiman!
Persian green — Coty's Emeraude
Golden tone — Coty's L'Origan
Two-tone blue — Coty's "Paris"

**SPECIAL:** This month Coty gives you a "Try-It" size bottle of bath salts with your purchase of any Coty Bath Requisite. Ask for this special offer at your favourite toiletries counter.

FREE — Fascinating booklet. "How to Live a Fragrant Life." Write to COTY (Conodo) Ltd., 7335 St. Lawrence Blvd., Montreal, Que.





TOILET WATER SPLASHED generously and patted all over makes you tingle with cool refreshment—leaves a veil of gentle fragrance on your skin. \$2.25, \$4.25, \$8.25.



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SACHET LEAVES A LINGERING SCENT on fabrics next to your soft, fresh skin. Place it in your bureau drawer and you're sure to be fragrantly feminine, day or night. \$1.50.



TALC FOR "SLIP" — helps underthings go on easier and sit better. Stockings slide on without runs. More fragrance to enjoy! \$1.00.



BATH SALTS SOFTEN your bath water, so you're floating in a soft sea of fragrance. Clean and caressing, your bath becomes a relaxing ritual of beauty. \$1.25, \$1.75,







by Eileen Morris, Beauty Editor

This year eyes are high fashion as more and more women discover the flattery and beauty of eye shadow, mascara and eye pencil.

With mascara accent your lashes. Flick a clean, long-handled brush in hot water, then cover it with mascara, being careful not to overload the brush. Start at the outside corner and work in, using an upsweep motion. Concentrate on your upper lashes. Treat outer lashes to a second helping to make your eyes appear larger. Look face down in a mirror as you work, and the job will be easier. To coax a curl, hold the brush against the tips for a moment as the lashes dry. Then once-over-lightly with a dry brush, and you have a soft natural fringe. Whether you use cream or solid mascara, rules are the same.

An eye pencil defines the arch of your brows, or corrects a bad line. Brush your brows *up* and out, then pencil with light short strokes.

With the same pencil or with a special eye liner pencil, trace a delicate line along the upper and lower lids, right next to the lashes. You can make this in black or brown, green or blue, to match or contrast with your mascara. This is the exciting new make-up technique inspired by Paris. It's easy if you follow this rule: where your upper lid starts its natural down-curve, draw the line up and out, like a butterfly wing. Draw the lower lid line up to meet this.

To be a deep-eyed beauty, shadow your lids. Blend a dot of shadow on the palm of your hand. Touch a little to the centre of each lid, smoothing the color along the lash line and up and out at the corners.

Whatever eye cosmetics you choose, use them discreetly and deftly, and you'll find new interest in the eyes on you!

While the open eye is all blandishment, the closed eye signifies loving care.

The eye area shows every neglect, for it is delicate, lacking oil glands and bone support. Avoid crinkles and wrinkles by regular creaming. With the tip of the middle finger circle each eye with a light touch out over upper lid, in undermeth

As a refresher for tired eyes, saturate cotton with cooling lotion and place over your closed lids. The cotton should cover the under-eye area and extend well beyond the outer corner.

Rest your eyes when doing close work by shutting them for a moment. Palm your hand over them and make yourself see black.





THE SHIRT LOOK THE SHIRTWAIST dress was the darling of summer. In cotton, in silk in sheers. Now for fall you'll make it in newly important fabrics, iridescent would tweeds, cotton plaids, bright rayon gabardines, soft-toned wools, and in cordurey. You'll look casual, comfortable and feel completely at ease. The "shirt" feeling is a good one Simplicity No. 3304, sizes 12-20. Wool tweed in a softly tailored dress with man-tailored collar and French type cuffs. Simplicity No. 3278, 12-20. A matchmaking blouse and skirt team features a stark white bib, deep box pleats in a semi-full skirt,



PLUCER

THE WINTER version of the golf dress with button-up front and trimly detailed pockets. It's a style to suit every woman of every age. Make it of rayon gabardine or thin weight charcoal grey wool, Sizes 12 to 44, Simplicity No. 3185. The all-in-one look is featured here by choosing two fabrics which complement each other. The blouse, Simplicity No. 3301, is made of a fine wool, and trimmed with velveteen collar and cuffs. The slim, fly-front skirt, Simplicity No. 2624, is of tweed to blend with the blouse top. With plaids, checks and grey flannel high on the list of fall fashion favorites it looks like you're going to have fun making your own this season. Begin with these patterns. Price 25c.

Order direct from your dealer or from the Pattern Department of Chatelaine Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto, Ontario.

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When you're buying a new car, price is very important, of course. But even more important is what you get for your money!

Look what you get when you buy a new Pontiac. You get a big, roomy, comfortable car—a car of distinguished beauty—a car offering such sparkling performance that it's always a pleasure just to sit behind the wheel and go! And you get, too, Pontiac's heritage of thorough goodness—assurance that mile after mile, year after year, you will enjoy economical, dependable driving.

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THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING ON WHEELS



Cecil Beaton covers:

### The Wedding of the Year

### Camera Artist photographs Wedding of Woodbury Deb

When world-famous photographer Cecil Beaton was asked to put his camera magic to work for Woodbury, it was a happy assignment...for two good reasons.

The first... was that the wedding of Deyanne Farrell and Herbert Miller, Jr. was a memorable affair, held at New York's magnificent St. Patrick's Cathedral. The second...was that Deyanne, with her gown of heirloom lace and her dazzling Woodbury complexion, was one of the loveliest brides of this or any other season!

Here are the pictures that prove it, as caught by the camera of Cecil Beaton at St. Patrick's Cathedral and the Plaza Hotel in New York.



Deyanne's gown of lace over satin was perfect for her olive skin. Her beautiful complexion is cared for by Woodbury, the soap with the beauty-cream ingredient.



Reception for a beautiful bride. Her face adorned many magazine covers; enjoyed many facials with extra-mild Woodbury. Its gentle lather won't cause "skin-burn."



She tells a bride's secret, hidden by her veil of heirloom princess lace. Deyanne keeps no secrets about her beauty care... skin-smoothing Woodbury Facial Soap.



Deyanne wants the touch of no other soap but Woodbury. It's a true beauty soap actually made by skin specialists; perfect for bath, too—for all-over loveliness.

No "Skin-Burn" with Extra Alild Woodbury (MADE IN CANADA)

#### LIVE IN A BASEMENT

Continued from page 35

dining room; closed, it conceals the work space from view. The kitchen color scheme is based on red mastic tile in combination with cream woodwork and walls. The floral curtains are made of inexpensive tea toweling.

Off the kitchen is an all-tile shower, and a compact washroom opens off the entrance hall at the foot of the basement stairs. The space under the stairs is designed for storage. It, and numerous other closets and cupboards, provide more facilities for storage than do many full-sized houses. The entrance hall has warm grey walls and a gay yellow ceiling. The stair well is painted a high-spirited strawberry red.

#### Low Cost Privacy

The way in which the Starmers solved their shelter worries points the way for other young couples. It gives them a thoroughly adequate background for living, with privacy, at relatively low cost.

After all, there is just as much space in the basement of an ordinary house as there is upstairs, although the area occupied by the furnace room must be subtracted. Provided there are windows, some method of heating, and the walls and floor bare been waterproofed, there's no reason why a basement should not be snug and comfortable.

While reasonable freedom exists in the placing of partitions, a feeling of spaciousness can be achieved by eliminating as many as possible. Use of rich, positive color can produce a striking effect. Vertical stripes, or the combination of dark walls and a light ceiling can create an illusion of greater height.

#### Imagination Helped

What about room sizes? These are minimum recommendations: 150 sq. ft. for the living room, 90 sq. ft. for bedrooms, 50 sq. ft. each for the dining space and kitchen, and 35 sq. ft. for the bathroom. Plumbing fixtures should be located under or near those on the floor above. Sometimes, in heating with a hot-water system, addition of a circulating pump is necessary.

Bituminous or concrete compounds will waterproof the normal basement floor and walls satisfactorily. Partitions can be quickly erected of 2 x 4 in. studs on 16 in. centres with 2 x 4 top and bottom plates. Finish may be plywood or composition board. Wooden or linoleum floors must be laid on wood decking resting on top of 2 x 2 in. nailing strips laid on 16 in. centres on top of the concrete. Mastic tile, on the other hand, can be applied directly to the concrete.

To sum up, the basic ingredient in an operation of this sort is imagination. For example, what did the Starmers do with an unsightly radiator? They covered it with a plywood cabinet. What did they do with unsightly but vital plumbing pipes? They boxed them in, trailed ivy around them. Result: no one would ever know!

For a close-up of the Starmers themselves see page 88.



With every hair in place you are glamorous no matter what you do.
Gayla HOLD-BOB bobby pins set curls beautifully; are easy to sleep on.
Easy to open. Keep hair-dos lovely because they hold better.
There is no finer bobby pin.

More women use

Gayla HOLDBOB than all
other bobby pins combined



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#### **AUSTIN CROSS**

Continued from page 18

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et

one of two decisions, the woman made the wrong one. Yet often, in politics, there is no second choice. Take the case of the surgeon who took out the wrong eye. There is no second chance to replace the good eye he removed, no hope of doing anything to the blind eye he should have removed in the first place. Civilization just won't stand for that kind of bonehead. That realm of No Second Chance. Women politicians in Canada sooner or later, most of them sooner rather than later, have blundered into the area of No Second Chance.

The first woman M.P. was Agnes Macphail. My admiration for her is very great, to this day. I would like to see Canada honor her, as she deserves to be honored, with a place in the Senate. Unluckily, she belongs to the CCF, and no government has yet been magnanimous enough to appoint any socialist to the Upper Chamber. Yet in the case of a male, they have taken more abuse from him in the house, and given him higher honor. Sitting in the South East corner with Miss Macphail was E. J. Garland, a Progressive first, and a United Farmer of Alberta later, from Bow River. He really ripped into the during the Beauharnois government era, first in 1930 when the Grits were in power, and again in 1931 when the Tories were in power. Despite this, Garland was forgiven, has been honored with diplomatic posts abroad, and currently Minister to Norway. Liberals could kiss and make up for a man, but not for a woman.

Of course, it is pretty hard to forget Aggie Macphail's attacks on pacifism, her cracks at Royal Military College. Admitted that men did the same, she seems to have been tarred with greater opprobrium in this. Then in 1940 she ran against Walter Harris, a candidate wearing His Majesty's uniform. Later she went out to Saskatoon, and in a by-election contested that seat for the CCF against Liberals and others. These were not in themselves enormous mistakes, but they seemed to be the ultimate moves that helped end her career on Parliament Hill. I'll grant that men have made far worse mistakes; but Aggie Macphail's stinging words still linger here today. The Liberals have not forgiven her. I am not attempting to justify the government. It is another version of the unfavorable things people do and say living on, while the good is interred in the past. I still admit my case with Aggie is not so hot, but I honestly think the St. Laurent administration want no part of her here.

#### Nielsen Had a Future

In the case of Dorise Nielsen, she came here with plenty on the ball. She was the sole surviving member of the Unity party. Tall, possessed of a magnificent voice, a mother of three, and by no means hard to look at, la Nielsen had a wonderful future. Her first speech, on the budget, had people crying. Hon. J. L. Ralston, the Finance Minister, was made to look like an ogre.

But what did Dorise do? After being praised and feted and honored, she immediately identified herself with the Communist party!

I remember when the CCF considered her one of their own, and made a big fuss over her. The Liberals would gladly have taken her in at her own terms. Instead, she pals up politically with Fred Rose, now in St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary.

The people of North Battleford were aghast. They sent a struggling housewife from Spiritwood to talk about their problems. A wife and a mother, she was to be the ideal person to do something for the riding. Instead, she hit the Red Trail, and lost all interest in her constituency. Next election they threw her out, and elected a pleasant but politically weak fellow called Frederick Townley-Smith. Anything to get rid of Mrs. Nielsen. So you see, I am beginning to prove my point. Did Nielsen, elected on a Unity ticket, have to go overboard for Joe Stalin? It was a mistake, but as we shall see, a pattern of error to be emulated by future women

Everybody was delighted when Cora Casselman came here from Edmonton East to succeed her husband. First, Mrs. Casselman was the first Liberal the party ever had in the House. Second, she succeeded her husband, Fred Casselman, a grand guy, who died in Ottawa in the winter of 1941. Prime Minister King honored Cora Casselman by taking her with the Canadian delegation to the United Nations Organization at San Francisco. Then, after all that, she went back and got beaten by Pat Ashby.

### Women M.P.'s Poor Sports

I can best judge this in retrospect. I puzzled why she got beaten. answer was, to my mind, that she lost the electors' confidence. I was wondering if she nettled people as I got nettled.

Some time ago I wrote a piece for Chatelaine, in which I praised women in politics. I felt I was particularly cordial to Mrs. Casselman. But from her, not a sound, not a scribble. I met her later, and not a word about what I deemed a eulogy of her in print. Then just the other day she traveled in a bus with me for several hours, when the Federal District Commission surveyed Ottawa's suburbs. She had plenty of chance to make any amends. She didn't. But long before that I learned she was incensed because I had referred to her as a housewife. This could be wrong, and if she were misquoted, I apologize. But here is what I would like to know; how many nice things do you have to say to rate a thank you? I have said some pretty tough things about men, and if there was one nice thing in 20, as like as not, they would thank me. They recognize they are in politics, they realize they are no angels, and a kind word is a kind word. But if, out of 20 phrases, one seemed derogatory am I to assume that a woman thinks the whole article no

Mrs. Casselman was not alone in this, because, as I well recall, neither Gladys Strum nor Dorise Nielsen ever wrote me. From Communist Nielsen I was not too surprised, from attractive Gladys Strum I was very!

Anyway, let us look at it this way. Was Mrs. Casselman's political sense limited? Had she not the actual or spurious gratitude a man can show? Are women politicos poorer actors, or, as I most fear, are they poor sports? Answer that as you will. But if Mrs. Casselman left a trail of unsaid thank

### Are you in the know?



When shaking hands do you think it's smooth to-

Remove your gloves

Keep them on

Say "Pardon my glove"

Remove your mitt or apologize for Remove your mitt or aporogae or same? 'Tain't fittin', kitten! A lady's gloves should "stay put"—at least 'til she's seated in the theatre, or at a restaurant table. To stay hand-inglove with confidence on "trying" days —put certain worries out of mind. Choose Kotex! Those flat pressed ends

prevent revealing outlines-so you're sure they don't show. And you know, because Kotex comes in 3 absorbencies (different sizes, for different days) you can select what's best for you. Next time, try Regular, Junior and Super. You're bound to find the one that's just exactly right.



If your makeup melts, should you try-

A cold splash

The scrubbed-and-shiny look

Patchwork

How to save face on humid evenings? First, before the shindig, use an astringent lotion for a drying effect. Askingent for a drying effect.

Next, apply sponge cake makeup base, sparingly, and splash on cold water to "set it". Blot; then pat on the dazzledust. At calendar time, too, you dazzledust. At calendar time, too, you can save yourself many an anxious moment. With Kotex, you're set to cope with any problem-day emergency... for that special safety centre gives you extra protection.



Which colour

Orange

Chartreuse

Cerise

However you're toasted-well-done or medium—wear colours that flatter your suntan. Thumbs down on all three answers above (fooled you!). Choose cool hues; blues, for instance. Of course white out-wows them all. And on certain days, it pays to be And on certain days, it pays to be choosy — about sanitary protection. With Kotex, you can be confident, even on "those" days. For Kotex gives softness that holds its shape. It's made to stay soft while you wear it.



More women choose KOTEX\* than all other sanitary napkins

KOTEX IN 3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

"Very Personally Your", new Free booklet for teenagers. Gives do's and don'ts for difficult days... the lowdown on grooming, sports, social contacts. Send your name and address to Canadian Cellucotton Products Co. Ltd., Dept. H.-S, 431 Victoria Avenue, Niagara Palls, Ontario.

"Brilliant? Of Course . . .

He owes it all to NUGGET!"

You too can be a shining light if you use Nugget every day. Nugget Shoe Polish shines easily... preserves leather... makes shoes last longer.

OX-BLOOD, BLACK, WHITE AND ALL SHADES OF BROWN

M-50

### DID "NUGGET" YOUR SHOES THIS MORNING?

### YOUR CHILD WILL LIKE

This Kind of Laxative

Ex-Lax is effective, but in a gentle way. It won't weaken or upset your child. It won't make her feel bad afterwards.

- it's not too strong!

Ex-Lax can be given to your children with complete confidence. It has a fine chocolate taste, and its action is dependable and thorough.

- it's not too mild:

Ex-Lax is one laxative that avoids extremes. It works gently and effectively at the same time. In other words, Ex-Lax is

- the Happy Medium!

EX-LAX

The Chocolated Laxative Still only 15¢ and 35¢. "Have you heard about Paradol?"



Don't Miss Out on a long-planned outing or party... when Paradol quickly helps to relieve periodic pains, without disagreeable let-down or after-effects! Scientifically compounded from 4 ingredients—Paradol is excellent for headaches, too. Get Dr. Chase's Paradol today—the name "Dr. Chase" is your assurance.

DR. CHASE'S PARADOL

- Quick Relief from Pain -

LAVORIS

Daintiness Is Half a Woman's Charm

Use Lavoris and experience perfect mouth conditions

yous, if she rubbed enough people the wrong way, then we can only conclude she lacked the temperament for the hurlyburly of politics. We must assume that here, once more, a woman's political judgment is deficient.

#### Three Strikes on Strum

Nobody was more surprised than I when Austin Dewar beat Gladys Strum in Qu'Appelle last summer. I did a little bit of quiet gumshoeing around the CCF, and got the answer. First of all, when Mrs. S. announced she was going to go to college, it burned up a lot of the folks back home in Qu'Appelle riding. Blurted they: "Has she got so much time on her hands she can't find things to do? What about looking after us!" Fair or no fair, this lost her votes.

Then my CCF sleuth said that it was a terrible mistake for la Strum to go to California for a holiday. Now it seemed to me a perfectly proper thing for any politician to go where he or she likes. But what really irked them was they had to stick it in Saskatchewan, while she could loll under the orange trees. Unfair, certainly, of the Windthorst folk, but nevertheless, it was a telling blow against her.

Next, that car. She bought a slick new car. Again, I say, why shouldn't she? But apparently the folksy folks back home don't approve of a shiny new car. Now it is unfair, it is unjust, and it is unreasonable, for the carpingly critical voters of Qu'Appelle to take this dog-in-the-manger attitude, but they took it. Some CCFers say it is a mistake to be seen with a smart car, just as it is a mistake to be caught in a parlor car. There is no rhyme or reason to this class consciousness, but if you put on a sour mouth, act as the protector of the underdog, apparently you cannot buy new cars.

Strike one, Carleton College; strike two, trip to California; strike three, new car. Out!

Here again, would a man have done the same thing? Was her judgment deficient? She won the election on a folksy campaign, sharing lunches, doing the dishes in the kitchen, carrying on a neighboring campaign. But once elected, Mrs. Strum was a different gal. Right or wrong, the electors threw her out. Female judgment deficient?

As to Mrs. George Black, the beloved Martha, the situation lacks a parallel. She entered the House from Yukon while her husband was sick. When he got well, she quit. She lectured the boys about wearing their rubbers and eating their porridge, and they loved it. All the time Martha Black had more brains in her little toe than most of the members had in their heads.

But Martha Black dressed in pink, kidded the members, radiated charm, didn't let her brains show, and was a great success here in Ottawa, both as member and wife.

#### Ellen Another Femme Fatale?

We now come to Ellen Fairclough. The attractive grey-haired lady in the red suit scored an astounding victory in Hamilton West. She stole a riding, solidly Liberal for 10 years, and apparently destined to be Liberal for 10 more, right under the noses of the astonished Grits.

In the House she has been more or less a tame tabby. But apparently, when I was away for a few days, she cut loose at a Carleton County Conservative meeting.

The Ottawa Citizen, referring to the incident afterward, said, in part:

"After the particularly cordial welcome accorded Mrs. Fairclough when introduced recently as the only woman member of the Commons, Liberal members feel it was 'very brash,' to say the least, for her to have rushed onto the public platform with remarks about them indulging in schoolboy tactics and behaving like 10-year-olds.

"'Mrs. Fairclough should remember the old adage about people in glass houses not throwing stones,' one Liberal member remarked.

"Mrs. Fairclough, on her very first day in the Commons, missed recording her vote on two of the four divisions recorded that day. Mrs. Fairclough failed to vote on two CCF bills to amend the Industrial Relations and Disputes Act. Could it have been Mrs. Fairclough found the bills somewhat embarrassing because of the labor element in her riding?"

My experience, long enough it sometimes seems, around Parliament Hill, is that anybody who makes cracks like that about fellow members lives to rue the day. Such opinions come inevitably from those who have been here the shortest time, never from those who have been here a while.

Indeed Paul Theodore Hellver, new M.P. from Davenport, talked that way before he ever got to Ottawa at all, and has been embarrassed about it ever since. But then Paul was only 26 at the time; Ellen must be older than that.

CCFer called Williams from Oshawa when elected M.P. made a few such cracks about fellow members just about the time he first arrived. Where is he now? Back in Oshawa. Rodney Young, a CCF member from Vancouver Centre, called the members of parliament all kinds of names in Vancouver before he got here as M.P. Later he made an abject apology before Commons. I give you these parallels. I know that Liberal members are keeping newspaper clippings of Mrs Fairclough's remarks in their wallets. Will these words be a boomerang?

I am therefore just wondering if Ellen Fairclough is going to be another femme fatale for herself. Will her own feminine weaknesses counterbalance her undoubtedly strong characteristics? Will she do herself out of a seat, will she talk herself back into private life? Was this outburst of hers another female bonehead. Has she become another Madame Popoff?

I leave it to you.

Now then, despite all these weaknesses, whether true or fancied, let us get at the real crux of the matter. Is it not a fact that women themselves do not much care about seeing other women in politics. I believe so.

Way back in 1929, Mackenzie King created a woman a senator. The response by the women of Canada was so weak that he never made that mistake again. Meanwhile, Hon. R. B. Bennett when he was Prime Minister, decided to create Iva Fallis a senator. So few cared that it is doubtful if, should a Conservative government get into power tomorrow, George Drew would bother selecting another lady senator. I have lectured to Women's Canadian Club audiences—admittedly superior in intelligence to most—and often less than 10% can name both lady senators. Yet



### Picture of a young man "going places"

This bronco-buster has had the right start in life!

From early babyhood he's been under the wise and skillful care of his doctor... and through his doctor he is benefiting by all the advances of medical science and nutrition.

Like millions of other husky youngsters, he was given Pablum\* as his first cereal— Pablum, the most famous of all infant foods, which got its start right here in Canada.

In 1930 scientists at the Hospital for Sick Children and the Department of Paediatrics of the University of Toronto devised an entirely new cereal—designed to supply not only energy, but also iron, calcium, phosphorous, and other essential minerals.

A noted leader in nutritional products for babies, Mead Johnson & Company was chosen to make this new cereal. Further research in Mead's laboratories developed a method of precooking it, for simpler preparation and easier digestion.

After extensive clinical tests at leading medical centers had proved its value, the new cereal, Pablum, was placed on the market—the world's first vitamin and mineral enriched cereal.

Pablum was a great forward step—a definite contribution to the science of infant nutrition. Later, to make available a cereal with similar nutritional values but with a different taste, Mead's developed Pabena\*, the precooked oatmeal companion to Pablum.

Pablum and Pabena are convenient to use, simple to prepare and economical. You can prepare just the right amount, without waste.

In matters of nutrition, as well as for general health, your baby will benefit by regular visits to the doctor—from early babyhood through growing childhood.

On the recommendation of doctors, Pablum and Pabena are used with satisfaction in millions of homes. They are available in pharmacies throughout the Dominion.

Now made by a <u>new</u> manufacturing process, Pablum and Pabena are tastier than ever.



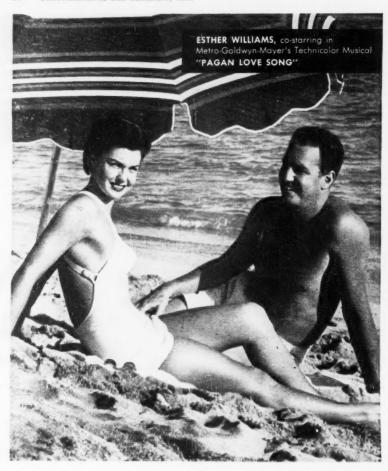




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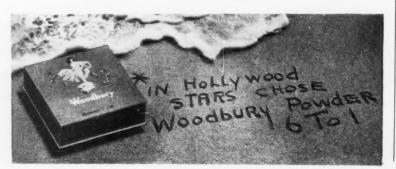


Don't look now ...

You're at Malibu Beach, near Hollywood, when your eyes stumble on a beauty to rival Esther Williams! It is Esther Williams with Ben Gage! Lucky her head is turned. You can see she's as beautiful as Technicolor insists. Psst, Esther knows you're staring! Her complexion is glowingly groomed with Coquette, exciting new golden rachel shade of satiny Woodbury Powder.



there's Esther Williams ... Esther is one of the Hollywood stars who chose Woodbury Powder 6 to 1 in response to a recent survey.\* A unique ingredient in Woodbury Powder gives the smoothest, satiny finish. No "powdery look"! Magically warm, infinitely fine in texture, enchantingly fragrant, it clings for hours! 8 heavenly shades glorify every skin type. 19¢, 37¢, 65¢.



Mesdames Fallis and Wilson have been appointed now for more than 15 years in one instance, 20 in another.

I think women politically have sittacosis. That's parrot disease. It psittacosis. means that the Little Woman has only one political policy, and I can express it in two words. It is: John says

The Hand That Rocks The Cradle thus has no better political program than: John says.

Perhaps that seems unduly cynical. Let me tell you a true story. Once upon

a time I wrote a story about women in politics for Chatelaine. I sat around and waited for the fan mail to come in.

Meanwhile, I suddenly realized that maybe my two Siamese cats might make story, and to cut it short, I sole another story to Chatelaine about Uncle Willie and WJ, my two Siamese cats.

Well, here it is, girls. I started to get fan mail about the cats right away, and it kept coming for years even after both cats had died. I still have to get my first fan letter about those women politicians

#### **ELLEN FAIRCLOUGH**

Continued from page 18

of the press is serious-minded and, lest you misunderstand me, I might say that, serious or not, the press people are delightful. Generally well - informed, they make interesting and ofttimes amusing conversation and I am looking forward to knowing many of them much better in the next few years. The most frequent serious question is, "What particular issue do you intend to press?"

For five years I have been in public life, dealing with different questions every day in the week, meeting all types and kinds of people, interesting myself in their problems (and they are many) and generally trying to do the job the electors have asked me to do. It is a widely diversified task and one I enjoy because it brings me close to the men and women of our city. Never, in municipal affairs, did anyone ask me what my particular pet subject was. Not once! There is just one answer to this oft-recurring question: "I am not riding any hobbyhorse. I shall try to represent the people of my constituency as they would want me to do and I shall deal with each problem as it presents itself. That is my job-not to try to ride to fame on the back of some publicity-catching issue."

Now let us look at the argument which follows the "abstruse generalities" very abstruse, I might say. Did anyone ver break down the male Members of Parliament and see how many of them 'were retired" after one term? It's an interesting study. There are a few in this Parliament, I suspect, who will write "finis" to their political careers come next election. Yet this is no reflection on those able men of all parties who are doing a good job for their constituents and for Canada.

Are all the blunders made by women members? Goodness, they must have been busy because it seems to me I recall a number. Perhaps it was on Mr. Cross that the surgeon operated. Should we call it "The Case of the Missing Eye" or "None so Blind"?

### Record Better Than He Says

Let's open both eyes and look at the picture. True, several have served but one term. However, far from being out of the picture, as Mr. Cross would have us believe, Miss Agnes Macphail has had a singularly successful political career, and she is still going strong! There are few parliamentarians with her record of success; if it comes down to that, she is even now a member of the Ontario Legislature. Miss Macphail served in the House of Commons from 1921 to 1940 and then in the Ontario Legislature from 1943 to date. How many men can match that record?

Mr. Cross is very much mistaken if he thinks the federal field is the only one in which women can serve with distinction. The B. C. Legislature has had a number of women members as have other western provinces, and at the present time B. C. has two women of outstanding ability; Mrs. Nancy Hodges has just been made speaker of that House, a post which she fills with distinction, and I imagine even Mr. Cross would admit this is a distinguished position. Mrs. Tilly Rolston is also a member of the B. C. Legislature and both she and Mrs. Hodges have been members of that body since 1941.

I could not begin to enumerate the women who have served in municipal councils, but I know there are many. Two who come quickly to mind are Reeve Anne Shipley of Teck Township, whose long and successful municipal career is well known and who has just completed a term as President of the Association of Ontario Mayors and Reeves. The other is Hamilton's Nora-Frances Henderson who served as Alderman and later as Controller on the Hamilton City Council for three and 13 years respectively, retiring in 1947 to assume another position. All Hamilton was saddened by her untimely death a year ago.

The record is much better than has been pictured.

I hope I am wrong, but it seems to me that Mr. Cross is bemoaning the fact that the women in Parliament have failed to fall for the blandishments of the Liberal Party. Does he mean that no woman can be elected unless she i persona grata with the Liberals and the St. Laurent administration?

Does he actually mean that all riticism is dulled after a period in the House? Shame, Mr. Cross, shame!

Also, who wrote the article for the Ottawa Citizen? Did you write it, Mr. Cross? Because I notice that although spoke on a public platform and took full blame for my utterances, the membe who was quoted in your article remained safely incognito. Is that the way to win elections, Mr. Cross? Tell your informant to sign his name and I'll answer him. I never pay attention to anonymous messages.

With regard to the Bills on which I did not vote on my very first day in the House, permit me to say that I did not. and will not, vote on measures I have had no opportunity to peruse. When these same two items came up a second time I voted . . . look up the record. Mr. Cross.

Now, if you are interested, I will tell you why I think there are not more women in Parliament.

In the first place, there are few women who plan to go into political life, whereas many men make up their mine's before they are out of high school. It is





this "head start" which the men have which accounts in large measure for the predominance of their sex in the political life of the country.

The average member finds it easier to be elected to Parliament, I would think, if he or she has had some experience in public life which has brought a degree of publicity. While there are more and more women entering boards of education and municipal councils, there are still not enough of them to make up a nationwide slate of candidates.

Men have another edge in the race toward parliamentary seats; that is, they have had full manhood suffrage for over twice as long as the women, and their franchise privileges extend back, through land ownership, much longer than that. While women have had the franchise in Canada since 1920, the men have had it for varying numbers of years depending on the provincial laws but going back to 1888 or thereabouts. (1888 was the year Manitoba gave full manhood suffrage.)

Perhaps it would be pertinent to ask what they have to show for their stewardship.

It has frequently been said (Mr. Cross is not the first one) that women do not stick together. They will not support each other in their bids for public office. This I do not believe! It has been proved, time and time again, that women are popular candidates in municipal fields where party lines are forgotten. However, when they enter the provincial and federal fields, it is another thing again. Women split on party lines just the same as the men do; and rightly so. I would not expect them to give up their beliefs any more than I would expect the men to deny theirs. There is always a portion of the vote that swings toward one candidate or another simply on the basis of that candidate's personal qualifications and none is more grateful than I for the votes which accrued to my credit in this way. No one is ever elected to public office on the votes of one sex. A candidate must have a majority of the votes of both men and women to secure election.

It is pretty generally agreed that women in public life are targets for criticism on a much broader scale than that meted out to the men. They are expected to be well-nigh perfect and, if they don't watch out, as Mr. Cross threatens, they are likely to fall into the pit which leads to oblivion.

What are the pitfalls? Well, judging by Mr. Cross' remarks and inferences, a few are: You speak . . . you are a fool;

You don't speak...you're a coward. Dress well ... you are clothes conscious (horrors!);

Dress poorly . . . you are a discredit to your position.

Smile . . . you are a silly flirt; Frown . . . you are a sourpuss. Criticize . . . you are "brash;"

Be silent . . . you are a "tame tabby."

Take a taxi . . . you are a plutocrat;

Walk . . . you are a show-off.

Vote . . . you made a ghastly mis-

take; don't vote . . . you are scared.

Say thank you . . . 'tis "spurious gratitude";

Don't say thanks . . . you're a "poor sport."

Be mild . . .you lack ability;

Be forceful . . . you are a scold. Make a mistake . . . you are a total loss:

Win a triumph . . . you have a man's mind!

I am sorry about a lot of things, Mr. Cross. I am sorry that the people you lecture to don't know anything about politics. Did they know any more after you finished?

The people in my constituency know quite a bit about their senators and their members, else why does my telephone ring off the wall?

I'm sorry you have the chills, Mr. Cross; perhaps it's age.

### Vast Field for Women's Effort

I'm sorry you think I'm going down to defeat in 1954 (is that the year, Mr. Cross?? for sure??) because I think I'm going to like the House of Commons, even with the bad boys there. I'm going to like it because I like the people of Hamilton West; they're my kind of people. They talk my language. We have all kinds of people in Hamilton West, Mr. Cross, except farmers; we don't have any rural section to this riding but the farmers come in to our wonderful market and bring their produce and al of our people go down there to buy and talk to them and they like each other and they know what it's all about! We are mainly working people in this riding. Mr. Cross; of course, some of us work in factories and some of us work in offices: we have some doctors and some lawyers and a lot of small storekeepers and some big ones, but we have one thing in common-we all work hard.

I want to represent Hamilton West in the House of Commons and I hope they'll disappoint you in 1954, Mr. Cross, and send me back again.

I hope, too, that I won't be the only woman in the House for long. There are some well-qualified women in this country, in every province of it, and I trust they are busy right now in preparation for the next election.

There is a vast field for women's effort in government, and a great need, too. A large percentage of legislation affects the home and the woman who is the manager of that home. No one knows the farmer's problems better than another farmer; no one can understand the difficulties of business better than a businessman; likewise, a woman is the best interpreter for the homemaker. We need them in every level of government.

There were more women candidates in the 1949 election than ever before. The result was unfortunate, but another day is dawning. Let's try again!

P.S. Cute story in your last paragraph. Mr. Cross. I guess it just proves women aren't cats after all; or maybe, Mr. Cross, you know more about the Siamese beauties than you do about women politicians.

P.P.S. Shades of Mrs. Casselman, I nearly forgot! Thanks, Mr. Cross, and thanks again!

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WIFE F

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### WIFE FOR RICHARD

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Continued from page 46

beach-and Friday is Masque Night? Axel is going to take me-it will be fun. He was telling me all about how they do it in South America—it must be wonderful to have lived all over the vorld and to know so much. Don't expect me home that night-it will be late when it finishes and we will go to the cottage if Carol can find room for

Sybil saw that there were only two courses open to her, either to forbid the outing and risk flagrant disobedience, or to speak frankly, seriously, to the girl of the dangers even of being seen so often in the company of a man of Sautelle's reputation and be sure of resentment and withdrawal from this first beginning of friendliness.

She chose neither and lay awake for the best part of the night, reproaching herself for weakness and half forming a plan to telephone Axel and ask him to meet her somewhere. She couldn't talk to Rosalie with any effect, but she believed she could to him. One could be sure it was not the first time he had listened to plain speaking from a woman. Besides, she knew he thought there was an unspoken bond between them. She had often felt his eye on her, half admiring, half-mocking, in a way that said almost aloud:

This is fun for us-we two who do not belong here—one has to be clever, but you, too, look as if you can do it

She had been amusedly vexed that he should have so little perception as not to be able to see the essential difference between them. Now she was glad about it. She would get in touch with him after breakfast and arrange to meet him.

She did not have to. She was finishing her second cup of coffee on the cane lounge and rereading the morning paper when he was shown in.

'Don't let me disturb you," he said, smiling. "Rosalie and I are going to play tennis this morning and she invited me for breakfast, to be sure of getting me here early."

"Then it is not very polite of her not being down herself early," Sybil ans-wered calmly. "But sit down and Nellie will bring you some breakfast. My husband is away and we are being very easygoing in the mornings.

Though the thought of meeting him had been uppermost in her mind, she was disconcerted at his unexpected appearance. She would have liked to choose the time and place and her own weapons.

Now she was at a disadvantage. Apart from the fact that Rosalie might come in at any moment, it is difficult to point out to a smiling young man under one's own roof and eating, as it were, one's salt, that his reputation is none too savory Also, black velvet lounging pyjamas and lovely little brocaded slippers are not the getup to intimidate what is currently known as a wolf. Rosalie's voice came from halfway up the stairs.

'Is that Axel? Oh, Axel, don't you wait for me-you start and I will be down in five seconds."

From where she sat Sybil could see her, rosy and tousled with sleep.

"She hasn't had her bath yet," she thought swiftly. "Then I have 20 minutes at least. It is not much, but it will have to do.

She sat up very straight indeed; her frivolous slippers tucked well away.

Rosalie tells me that you have invited her to go with you to the Mardi she said without preamble. would rather that you did not take her to Masque Night."

He raised one eybrow.
"How? You are afraid then that with the fancy dress, the incognito-the, shall we say, the license of the hour, I may take what you call advantage of her.'

"I would hope not," she said, refusing to enter into the lightness of his mood, "but she is young and very inexperienced: She is not as well-equipped as she thinks she is to deal with"—she looked him full in the eye-"with situations."

He continued to eat his breakfast with a thoughtful air.

Suddenly he looked at her with a grin which, in one less charming, less foreign, would have been cheeky.

"Do you know what I call you—to myself, Sybil?"

She returned his look without speaking, unable to decide off-hand how to deal with this familiarity.

"Shall I tell you? - Little chameleon, mia cara. That is what you are—a very clever little chameleon; do not be cross," as she made to speak. "I am admiring, very admiring, because I too have had to be a chameleon. It is not easy and very, very exhausting -changing always to one's background and you have done it very quickly, very completely and" he bowed with an easy grace—"with exquisite result."

'I am not particularly interested," began Sybil, disliking him now on her own account, as well as Rosalie's, "in how you regard me, except that you try to see my difficulties with the girls when their father is away. There have been far too many late nights," she went on unbendingly, "and I don't want to have to take the matter farther."

She spoke angrily, thinking of her lost sleep, which she could ill afford.

"I could appeal to his chivalry, only he hasn't any really, so why bother, she thought, looking at his handsome, graceless head bent courteously in her

He certainly didn't seem to as he regarded her humorously. "Brava, cara You have it just right—the animation, the hauteur, the sparkle of anger in the eyes—you are magnificent. I like it," he added approvingly, "and you are right. The little Rosalie, she is too, as you say, inexperienced, too you--u-ung." He lengthened the word, Sybil thought, to make youth seem foolish, inept. "Leave it to me, Sybil, little chameleon. I will think of something we can do instead. You will see.

Before she had time to reply that she hoped indeed she would see, Rosalie ran into the room. The mood of the night before was still on her and she included them both in her happiness.

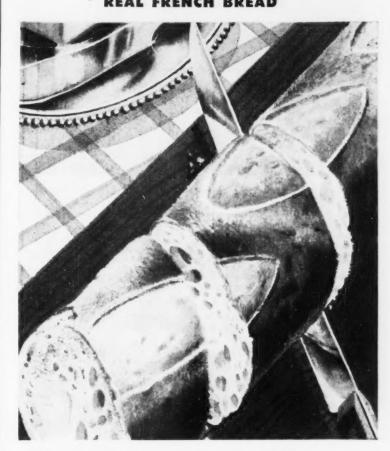
"Sorry I am late, Sybil," she said. "I absolutely meant to be up hours ago."

She seated herself beside Axel and looked up at him with a mixture of impudence and infatuation which made Sybil coldly afraid.

What a child, what a willful, vulnerable child, only half awakened. How disturbing to this man, her slender tanned limbs against the white of her short tennis dress, one could only guess.

She had taken this girl on as a job for

## Surprise! Treat!



### Gloriously Crusty, Wonderfully Tasty made with fast-acting DRY Yeast!

• Once you've nibbled the crust of this super-crispy French Bread you'll never be able to stop! Men will go on a bread diet for days with it! It's fascinatingly simple to make with this recipeusing the wonderful new Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast!

If you bake at home-forget your former worries with perishable yeast! Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast keeps full-strength and fastacting for months without refrigeration! Keep it in the cupboard - get a dozen packages to-day.

### FRENCH BREAD-

(makes 3 loaves)

1/2 cup milk

1/4 cup water

1 tablespoon granulated sugar

2 teaspoons salt

2 tablespoons shortening

Remove from heat and cool to lukewarm. Meanwhile, measure into a large bowl

⅓ cup lukewarm water 1 teaspoon granulated sugar

and stir until sugar is dissolved. Sprinkle with contents of

1 envelope Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast

Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well; stir in lukewarm milk mixture. Measure into a large mixing bowl

41/2 cups once-sifted bread flour

Make a well in the centre and add liquids all at once. Mix thoroughly, then knead slightly in the bowl. Cover with a damp cloth and set in a warm place, free from draught; let rise until doubled in bulk. Punch down dough, cover with dam-cloth and again let rise until doubled in damp bulk. Turn out on lightly-floured board and divide into 3 equal portions, Knead each piece lightly and shape into a slim loaf.

about 12 inches long. Place, well apart, on greased cookie sheets and with a pair of scissors, cut diagonal slashes in top of loaves, about 11/2 inches apart. Let rise, uncovered, until doubled in bulk. Bake in a hot oven, 400°, for 15 minutes, then reduce oven heat to 350°, bake 15 minutes, brush with a mixture of 1 slightly-beaten egg white and 2 tablespoons water and bake until loaves are cooked-about 20 minutes longer. Cool bread in a draught, by an open window.





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sion in 2 2 Dettol (2 tablespoonfuls to 1 quart of water).

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Richard, but she had not bargained for the sudden maternal yearning which the sight of such defenseless youth roused.

She did not see Axel again in the next few days and Rosalie said nothing about changing her plans for Masque Night. In view of his promise Sybil wondered uneasily what he meant to do about it. On Friday morning she found out.

A florist's box and a note came up on her early morning tray. A dozen pink camellias lay beneath Cellophane. Astounded, she opened the note.

"Chameleon-cara mia, you are right. Rosalie is much too young for the temptation of Masque Night-it is charming, this youthfulness, but a little wearying at times. I will write her a note and propose a more suitable outing. She was to pick me up at my rooms just before dinner, but you must do this instead, in your little car, and I will take you to the Mardi Gras, complete with mask and a costume. Choose one, little chameleon, which will go well against the background of music, love and just a little danger. These camellias may sug-gest something."

Sybil sat bolt upright in bed and reread the incredible letter. If she had been in a normal frame of mind she would have regarded it as an exquisite piece of unconscious humor and enjoyed it at her leisure, examining this fresh evidence of masculine egotism, but she vas, emotionally, far from being herself. Flushed and trembling with anger she threw the note on the floor, and followed it a moment later with the flowers.

"They may suggest something to ou," he had written. They certainly did, she agreed-himself, perfect in formation, but scentless and shallow-

hearted.

She bathed and dressed slowly, trying to decide how best to deal with the matter and finally decided that the was too short for finesse. She would take the note and the flowers into Rosalie. She steeled herself for an unpleasant scene-a return not to the girl's indifference to her, but to a state of open hostility worse, much worse than

anything before. But the evidence of her own eyes, surely, she thought, and her own native intelligence will pull he up, as far as he is concerned.

She picked up the note, folded it in with the camellias and carried it down to the breakfast room. With almost blast of relief she saw that Rosalie was not yet down. It was not the painfu scene that must soon follow Sybi dreaded. The girl's wounded concein and her bright young rage would fade the older woman knew, but would she ever lose her resentment toward the woman to whom the note was written Sybil, in the light of her imperfect knowledge of the modern girl, was sur she would not.

Perhaps there was another way, perhaps something would happen in the course of the day-rain-accidentcircumstances that would put the outin out of the question. She hurriedly wrapped the Cellophane box in newspaper and took it out to the garbage tin.

When Rosalie came downstairs, gay and friendly, Sybil knew she had bee right in not doing the drastic thing. Th child was bemused by romance, purrin like a kitten that opens its eyes for the first time on a sunny day. Sybil con centrated on a little speech to be mad during the morning when opportunit offered, but when she came back from the marketing Rosalie had gone out.

"She'll be out for lunch, but in early this afternoon, before she meets Mr. Sautelle to go to the Mardi Gras," Mrs. Pryke reported.

The mail had come, bringing a letter for her from Richard and several for the girls. She was taking hers upstairs when her eye fell on the one underneath. It was for Rosalie, typewritten, and in the same odd-shaped envelope that had accompanied the flowers from Axel. Sybi looked at it thoughtfully. It was, n doubt, his explanation and apologies for calling off the night at the Mardi Gras.

Well, that solved the immediate problem. Rosalie would not go an most certainly neither would she, Sybil What a relief, but then she though quickly-It solves it, but only for today-while the child's infatuation lasts this is only a postponement.

Suddenly she saw what she could do

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and picking up Rosalie's letter she took it with her. When she replaced it on the tray her own note from Axel was inside and Rosalie's locked away in a drawer in case she should have to give it to her later.

"If necessary," she thought, miserable and uncertain, but seeing no other better way, "I will give it to her afterward. Though it could easily have been put by him in the wrong envelope, and even with his effrontery he is unlikely to admit—"

Thus edgily and broodingly did she spend the rest of the day.

She returned before dinner prepared to cope with a broken-hearted child or, possibly, just a plainly infuriated young vixen, or intimidating thought, one filled with hate and scorn against herself. It was in the nature of an anticlimax, therefore, to find that Rosalie had been in and gone out again.

"Dressed for that masked thing," said Mrs. Pryke, "if you can call it dressed, the half-naked way they go around these days."

Sybil looked at the tray. The mail had gone.

"She took all the letters, Mrs. Spencer. She said she would be seeing Miss Spencer, and would give hers to her."

So it was still on. Axel and Rosalie had, perhaps, had it out on the phone and he made her believe it was a joke. Sybil had no illusions about his ability to trim his sails in an emergency. Well, it was out of her hands now. Perhaps she should have used the direct method after all, but she had done what seemed indicated at the time.

She was dispirited and the lonely meal did nothing to raise her confidence in herself. Twice she almost telephoned Carol to tell her to expect Rosalie and Axel for the night, and only the thought that once she began she would say more than was diplomatic stopped her. She was going up to bed when the doorbell pealed through the house like a fire alarm. It was Bill, in old sports clothes, dancing in impatience in the porch.

"You are by yourself, aren't you?" he demanded. "Good. I want to talk to you."

"Come in. I'm really glad . . ."

He cut short the amenities and took her by the arm, hustling her through into the sun porch and forcing her into a listening attitude at one end of the couch.

"Now—I suppose you haven't heard the latest? No, I thought not. I'm the only one who knows, so she tells me that's what she said. She wants me to be the first to know, because I am such a good friend, and can I hurry her passport through and wangle her a seat on the plane—isn't that pice?"

the plane—isn't that nice?"
"Who—who," cried Sybil, who in six months semi-relationship to this young man had never quite accustomed herself to his quick-fire methods, "whom are you speaking of?"

"Who? Carol, of course; she says she is going abroad with that Madame what's-her-name from the Balkans—on a Reconstruction Committee, by heavens—did you ever hear anything like it?"

Sybil shook her head. Her first thought on seeing Bill was to throw herself and her troubles upon him, but he had got in first.

"Well," she asked, when he paused for breath, "what are you going to do?"

Continued on page 66

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used "any old wax" on her floors, just to save a few pennies. "What's the difference?" she used to say. "They're all just about the same, aren't they?'



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BY EILEEN MORRIS, Beauty Editor



Need to clip your wingspread? There's a new amazing way to do it. You eat all you wish. You forget those old calorie counts. And you pare off the pounds.

the wear

and will

Here's the story . . .



You can get a new coat, a new friend, a new handbag or a new idea, but you have the one and only body you'll ever possess. Is it slender and nicely curved in the right places? Or is it more the shape of an old caddy bag?

If you are fed up with those fetching outsize models they bring out to show you "for the matronly figure" . . . if your husband's hammerlike hints have you down . . . if you flinch every time you catch your reflection in a window . . . then listen, dear lady.

By Christmas Day you can be from 10 to 35 pounds slimmer. We've got the secret up our big red sleeve. And to get it, we talked with doctors and nutrition experts, studied the most recent advances of nutritional research. And from it all came

a safe and sane reducing diet.

Hold your cheers for just one moment, while we delve into this weight problem a bit. We aren't sidetracking you. This is all preparation.

Fat is insidious stuff. At 26 you weigh a pretty 125 pounds. Then-from nowhere, it seems-you put on two pounds a year. And by 40 you are the concrete pillar type.

If your dress shows an unlovely pull of seams, a sprung seat or middle stress, don't put the blame on Mame, or on glands, allergies, metabolism, nerves, heredity or the fact that you have had three children. Put it right where it belongs-on your eating habits.

Modern doctors scorn all those handy, face-saving alibis of the past. You get fat when you eat too much food. And they say this with a harsh finality. Understand, they mean too much of the wrong food-butter tarts and caramels. Sugar and spice and everything nice—that's what fat girls are made of.

In the dear dead past reducing diets were stern affairs. Maybe you tried one. A cup of clear consommé for lunch, a few carrot shreddings and a dab of cottage cheese for dinner. Plus a fascinating little chart on which you wrote your calorie count after every so-called meal. And Continued on page 74

### British Fashions from London -

for their exclusive styling, fine cloths and impeccable tailoring . . . This is FACADE—a striking suit in novel polka tweed with distinctive buttoned flaps over the pockets. In Star Blue, Wine Rose, Peony and Turquoise, all set off against a dark grey ground.

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Continued from page 63

"What can I do?" he asked wearily, "except help her with her passport, and get her seat on the plane—and tell her I'll be waiting when she comes back."

Sybil sighed.
"I suppose so," she said. "I suppose that is the dignified thing to do."

He sat up and glared at her, "Dignified be damned," he exploded. "Being dignified hasn't got me anywhere, has it? I've been hanging round too long and I'll tell her so. I'll say you can put all this nonsense about Europe out of your head, my dear girl. I'm ready to get married and we'll fix a date now; then you can get busy on what you will need for setting up house and starting off on a healthy-sized family."

He stopped suddenly, and Sybil was afraid the balloon was going down, so she said quickly: "Yes, do that, Bill. She has never been disciplined and it will be a new experience for her, and you know how she reacts to one of those?"

"But-but, suppose she doesn't react, suppose she won't change her mind," he said doubtfully.

"Say good-by, then," she replied firmly. "Say good-by—and mean it."

You think it will work?" He peered closely at her.

"I don't think it can fail, Bill," she said. "But if it does, believe me, nothing will succeed."

He flashed her a half look of gratitude and seemed as if he might thank her sometime.

"Well, so long. I'm meeting her in half an hour."

He disappeared into the darkness of the hall and she heard the front door open and shut. Conference hall-meeting Carol-but Carol was at the beach cottage-Sybil flew through to the

veranda.
"Bill!" she called, leaning over the railings to make herself heard above the starting of his engine. "Bill, isn't Carol at the cottage?"

"No," he yelled up at her. "They all came up this afternoon for a final pow-wow or something; she'll be home tonight."

The car wheeled and its lights sprayed down the drive, foreshortening as it reached the gate and turned into the

Presently Sybil went indoors and began slowly to lock up the house for the night. Surely when Axel and Rosalie called at the cottage and found it empty, they would drive back to town. She wished she felt sure about that. If Rosalie had allowed him to explain away the letter, her infatuation was such there might be no folly she would stop a

If Bill had not been so unhappy and desperate tonight about Carol, she would have asked him to drive down and make some excuse to put up at the cottage if they were there-just someone else being there too would make it look not so bad, anyway.

Now she knew that there was nothing else for it but to go herself. She finished closing the house, wrote a hurried note for Carol, and, tying a scarf over her head, she walked across the dark garden to the garage, telling herself that you had only to keep to the left and observe the rules, and that all drivers out after 11 p.m. were not necessarily returning home from drunken orgies.

It would have surprised her to know



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hat, at that moment, Rosalie's mind was dwelling on much the same thing. Since dancing began in the pavilion, those at their end of it had resolved themselves into a number of private parties, where everyone knew each other and the same brands of liquor, and, in spite of the excellence of the latter, long before midnight the hilarity was bordering on rowdiness.

Not that Rosalie minded a bit of rough house if among the right people. In fact, being able to take care of oneself in it showed that one had been dround, and, she could wisecrack, and augh it off with the best of them.

But tonight was different. The laughter and merrymaking were getting on her nerves. She wanted to be somewhere alone with Axel—walking on the beach in the moonlight or driving home through the forest road, leisurely, within the circle of his free arm, as they had come down. They would go back to town. She didn't want to spend the night at the cottage with those peculiar women of Carol's, and under her sister's cagle eye, so that they would both have

to keep up that nauseating little-sisterbig-brother act, and Carol would act like a combination star at the top of the Christmas tree and a dog in the

"If she guessed it was I, and not herself he is in love with," she thought savagely, "she would have father stopping us going about together."

They swung with the music to the edge of the floor. He pressed his cheek against the side of her head.

against the side of her head.
"Enjoying yourself, darling?"
She nodded and he held her closer.

"This is how it will be from now on," she told herself, too happy to talk.

After tonight things would be different between them—tangible. She had known it over the last few weeks, especially this evening when they had met. He was quieter, as though considering something, strangely unsure of himself.

"Will you drive?" she had asked offhandedly.

He had no car of his own and he hated being driven by a woman. That, she knew, was one of the things that



Plant chemist of Standard Chemicals demonstrates for Marie Holmes with R. B. Kirbyson, Division Manager, the method for checking chlorine content of Javex.

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tion as directed on the label, were compared with others not given this treatment. Varied uses suggested on the label were tried.

When visiting the plant the Institute director gave special attention to the way in which quality was maintained. It was noted that each batch of Javex is analyzed by the company's chemist to determine the percentage of chlorine present. (It must be at least 12% as stated on the label.)

Further verification of quality was received from the Institute's chemists so there would be no doubt that Javex met our standards.

This is another example of how the Institute scrutinizes a product before awarding our Seal of Approval.



## IN 10 DAYS OR YOUR MONEY BACK!

Skin Specialist develops new home beauty routine—helps 4 out of 5 women in clinical tests

• If you want an alluring complexion, if you've suffered from dry, rough skin, blemishes or similar skin problems, here's news.

A Skin Specialist has now developed a new home beauty routine. He found, in clinical tests, that a greaseless skin cream—renowned Noxzema—has a gentle, medicated formula that helps heal blemishes . . . helps supply a light film of oil-and-moisture to the skin's outer surface. It works with nature to quickly help your skin look softer, smoother, lovelier. Here's what you do.

#### 4 Simple Steps

Morning—1. Apply Noxzema all over your face and with a damp cloth "creamwash" your face—just as you would with soap and water. Note how clean your skin looks and feels! 2. After drying face, smooth on a protective film of greaseless Noxzema as a powder base.

Evening – 3. Before retiring, again "creamwash" your face. 4. Now massage Noxzema into your face. Remember—it's greaseless. Pat a little extra over any blemishes to help heal them.

This new "Home Facial" actually helped 4 out of 5 women in clinical tests. The secret? First, Noxzema is a greaseless cream. And secondly, it's Noxzema's medicated formula—in a unique oil-and-moisture emulsion!

Try it yourself. So sure are we that results will delight you that we make this sincere money-back offer.

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Try this Specialist's new Home Beauty Routine for 10 days. If you're not delighted with results—return the jar to Noxzema, Toronto—your money cheerfully refunded. Today get Noxzema Skin Cream. At all drug and cosmetic counters—21¢, 49¢, 69¢ and \$1.39.



"Light, soothing Noxema is just fine for my sensitive skin," says Avril Keiller of Montreal. "I use Noxzema every night, to help a very dry condition. And greasseless Noxema is my regu"It takes so little time to gain a softer, smoother, clearer-looking skin with the new Noxzema 'Home Facial'," says Patricia Pottinger of Victoria. "It's proved such a help, too, in clearing up occasional blemishes."





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irked him when he and Carol went out

together.
"Yes, if you like," he said nonchalantly, but she saw he was pleased.

"You didn't get my note, then?" he asked when they turned into the highway. "Note?"

"Yes, I wrote you last night. Something threatened to come up that would have stopped my taking you. It must have missed the mail—but now it does not matter, for here we are."

He smiled at her and she cried; "Oh, just a moment. Here it is in with Carol's letters. I just snatched them up without looking at them-does it matter?"

"No-I am glad you didn't get it and stay away"—he held out his hand—"give it to me."

She laughed and put it in her bag. "No-I have never had a letter from you—I will keep it to see what kind of a love letter you write."

"It is not a love letter," he said quietly, "but you can expect some of those very soon, I think."

It was then he put his arm round her, strongly, confidently as a man takes what is his own. She thrilled to it. She was sure now, she would never love anyone as she loved him, with his dark good looks, his air of knowing the world and of having chosen her out of it all. After tonight they would stop pretending and let Carol have the truthand father too. They would have to get used to it. Just because he was foreign and charming and people made niggling, unpleasant little remarks about his first marriage-and because he was a sculptor and not a businessman, thinking of nothing but money all day, Bill called him a parasite, and said he supposed he lived on what the girls' fathers paid him to stay away. It was easy, when you really knew him, to see that there had been faults on both sides, but Axel refused to be bitter about it.

"I am an exacting fellow, little Rosalie," he had said once, egotistical, demanding—"I am afraid," he laughed his soft rueful laugh, "I am afraid I ask too much-everything-it is more than most women want to give.

She, Rosalie, knew that she would be willing to give him all he asked, everything, if she could be sure of having him for always. She would run away with him if her father and Carol made things too difficult-she had to be sure of him.

He was guiding her, as she had hoped he would, out of the lighted pavilion, and when the music stopped he sprang lightly to the ground and held out his arms to lift her down.

"Do you want to stay until the unmasking?" he asked softly, his mouth close to her ear? "Or shall we slip away somewhere by ourselves?"

He did not put her down and she leaned contentedly against his shoulder.
"Let us go now," she said. "Let us drive right back to town while the roads are quiet-before the other cars start to

come back. I don't want to stay at the cottage with Carol and those women.' He held her closer.

"What would you say if I told you that Carol and those so-earnest women were not there?"

"But they are." She lifted her face, surprised, to his.

"No." He kissed her eyelids. "They are not. I rang Carol today—they left

"Then, my darling, we would be all alone. For the first time, really alone would you not like that?'

And when she did not immediately answer he said gently, mockingly: "Are you afraid of me, little Rosalie? In spite of all your pretty sophistications, are you afraid of me, of love?"

He was holding her so that he could surely hear the way her heart was beating. She wanted to be with him. If she could only hold him-if anyone heard of it they would have to be married anyway, Father would have to

"No, of course not," she whispered tek. "I'm not afraid. I love you so back. much, Axel.

He did not answer until he had carried her over to the car and put her gently in the front seat. Then he leaned in and kissed her on the mouth. "Then let us go," he said.

The nightmare of that drive was to remain with Sybil for years. A poor and inexperienced driver under the best of circumstances, the turning, twisting cliff road with its bank on one side towering up into the limbs of darkness, the other falling away abruptly to the ocean, several hundred feet below almost paralyzed her with terror. She clung to the wheel and tried not to think beyond keeping the car on the road. But when the worst of the road was past and she began the long even descent to the little beach township, her mind came back to the matter in hand. How was she going to deal with Axel without antagonizing Rosalie? Someone was going to lose face, whatever happened, and she had a sinking feeling that it might be herself. Rescuing young girls from a fate worse than death was a thankless task even in Elinor Glynn's time.

From the post office she could see the outline of the cottage, where it stood on the cliff top. Someone was there, for light streamed from the living-room windows down over the sea.

The garage was under the house, but no one came out as she ran the car in and there was no sound as she went up the steps.

"Rosalie," she called, her voice carefully normal. "Rosalie, are you there?" The key was in the lock, and she turned it and went inside.

—it's Sybil—where are you?"

"Here, in the living room." Her stepdaughter's voice was flat and expres sionless. She was lying on the divan is front of the fireplace and she did no rise when Sybil walked in. She was still in her scanty, half-comic fancy dres and her face was as set and as hard the mask she had worn earlier in the

She did not speak and Sybil sat down helpless before the misery in every lin of the girl's body.

"You must think me mad," she beg at last, "chasing all this way down, b when Bill told me that Carol w coming up to town, I-I thought might be awkward for you arriving he with Axel and finding no one-I suppoyou did-and he did not stayheard her voice babbling on and wishe she could stop and still sound logical "Of course you couldn't let him . .

"I would have let him. I wanted him to," Rosalie said distinctly. "We knee

Continued on page 72

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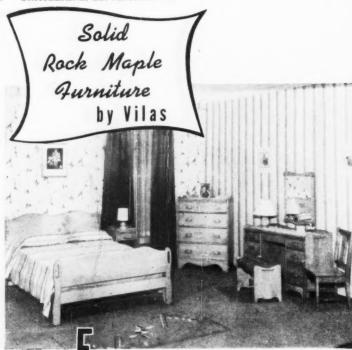
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BORROWED FROM THE BOYS, Shirttails a showing in fashion this season. Make a shirtta blouse or jacket of plaid cotton or wool. Wear over any straight skirt, belt it tight and blouse t

CAPTIVATIN CARDIGANS, Make yourself cardigan to match your prettiest wool dress. on a black sweater sew gilt braid, pearls and bea Wear it for evening. The trimming costs little you'll have fun working out a design.

TRICKY TRIMMINGS. They're fun. Two collars go together to make you a belt . . . a pu cat bow of taffeta or velvet looks right at the ne line of your suit . . . Anchor a gay scarf with gilded safety pin . . . Gather up your matelearrings and have a jeweler solder them on pins. Wear them for stickpins on a lapel of secure a scarf.

PLEATS ARE THE THING. A plaid pleated sign is a must in your wardrobe.

NECKLINE NEWS. Collars 'n' cuffs 'n' dicki They're all important, and look newest in creat linen. A pleated dickie becomes a pretty pretender for a blouse.

#### By MILDRED SPICER,

Fashion Editor



Sweaters for fall have a new look. You'll find neat little collars, low V's and high turtle necks — a perfect foil for scarves and jewelry. Shown here is a bat wing sleeved pullover with neatly ribbed waistband. By Helen Harper.

Knit to fit and flatter is this sweater dress, warm and comfortable as the cardigan that goes with it. Made of light grey wool, the ribbing at sleeves and neck are of banker's grey to match the dolman-sleeved cardigan jacket. From the Judy 'n' Jill fall collection.

A pretty fill-in for the horseshoe neckline on a slim wool dress is a dickie of creamy linen, pleated and studded by jewel buttons. The dresses are darkest grey wool flannel and sheer wool clan plaid. From the Judy 'n' Jill fall collection.

Fake fur is a fabric that continues in fashion this season. Pony skin, Persian lamb, leopard and broadtail are a few of the pretty pretenders. Our model makes a lovely listener for some fireside philosopher in her snow-white skirt of imitation broadtail. Her sleeveless blouse is black velvet. With it she wears a tri-colored belt, black, white and red. It's a flattering and consfortable outfit for after-ski wear. By Fairway.

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of the cleaning tasted.

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Sister's Cocoa

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Illustration courtesy of Brand Names Foundation Incorporated

#### WIFE FOR RICHARD

Continued from page 68

there would be no one here when we came. I wanted it that way-it would have forced father to let Axel marry me if he wanted to.

"And he doesn't?"

"No-it wasn't even me he wanted tonight—not at first—not the way he planned it. It was Carol he wanted. He wrote to her and put the note in an envelope to me by mistake."

Carol?" Sybil heard herself asking

faintly. "No-not Carol!"
"Oh, yes-Carol." The young voice was mocking now, and weary. "See for yourself. I don't care." She reached for a crumpled piece of paper under a cushion. "Look - Chameleon — he's always calling her Diana or some other goddess-now it's chameleon-and mia cara, that's Spanish for Carol, isn't it?"

Ye gods, so much for an expensive education, thought Sybil, taking the odious, familiar note and glancing at it. Aloud she said, calmly: "No, it meansin Italian-my dear, or my darling. It could be anyone—and believe me, dear, it isn't Carol."

'How do you know?" asked the other

indifferently.

"Because he has just enough sense to know," replied Sybil heatedly, "the scorching reply that would bring from Carol. You can take my word for it, Rosalie, that when he wrote that it was to someone he believed to be in a different class altogether.

"Oh!" Rosalie looked at her for the first time. "I suppose you are right. I hope so. That was what made it so

horrible-it being Carol."

"Whoever it was, it was horrible," said Sybil. "But didn't you know before you went with him? When did you get the letter?"

"I brought it down from home thinking it was one of Carol's but I didn't open it until-until-

Sybil waited.

"Until I went in to change out of this costume—and then I came out—he had put the car away and he was getting himself a drink—" She paused, and when she went on something inside Sybil twisted at the bleaknes disillusionment in her voice. "He was singing, Sybil, singing quite softly, but singing—he was quite happy that it was me he was waiting for and not the girl he wrote that to—he didn't care who it was, Sybil. He just didn't care."

"Thank heaven she is going to cry soon," Sybil thought. "That is some-thing one can begin to cope with."

It began and she let it go on for a

while until all the rigidity went out the girl's body, until she was crump and red-eyed and limp. She didn't what happened next. It didn't may The miracle had happened; the recurring eternal miracle which kee everything. This youngster, so vain spoiled, and so thoroughly silly, o ditioned to a world of shifting m standards, had recognized ugliness w she saw it; had not confused promise with sophistication. She took handkerchief back from Rosalic carefully dabbed at her own eyes.
"Well," she said, "there is one thi

ST

which makes me laugh-and remind to do it tomorrow, when we both f better-and that is the man of the wi walking home-and in fancy dress."

Rosalie blew her nose.

'It's nearly morning. He could hav got a bus.'

"Same thing," returned her stell mother firmly. "Same thing exactly."

The telephone rang. It was Carol. Just thought I'd better see if you h arrived all right," she said. thing under control? Good. I'd has been in touch with you before, but B has just left. He's been here haranguir me half the night. I don't know wh the neighbors will think. Be up early tomorrow?"

Sybil hesitated, then she replied "No. Rosalie and I will probably slee in and take an easy day or so off dov here. Expect us when you see us that is unless you want some help pack. You are going away, aren't you

"Yes, I had meant to"-Carol's vo was half-laughing, half-defeated—" I have decided to settle down and sta raising the beginnings of a healthy-siz family instead. Oh, he doesn't kne it yet. He stalked out about half a n for hour ago, slamming every door in the rol place. I think he meant it this time 'm just waiting till he gets home, th I'll ring him and tell him to come back

Sybil, feeling quite emotionally spe suggested that it was an unconvention

hour to be betrothed.

"I know it—but I am not eventional," said her stepdaugh said her stepdaught decidedly. "And besides, he can stay breakfast. Well, good-by-and tha you for keeping an eye on Rosalie." voice took on a matronly tone. course, my dear, we'll have this hap time and time again before we get married."

"Yes, I suppose so," agreed Sy adding to herself, as she rang off, course it will happen again, but" saw that Rosalie was fixing her hair preparing wistfully to talk about emotions, "but next time it will easier—so very much easier." •

M

#### **ABOUT ENGLAND**

Continued from page 44

to couturiers' workrooms is impressive. There was the pathetic note. While planners plan for the survival of the country's economy, the workers, those benefiting most in this rose-tinted new Utopia, through their unions, are making the planners' tasks as difficult as possible through demands for increased wages and shortened hours.

Would you make your bome in Great Britain or Europe if you could?

Sooner or later that question is fired

at anyone who expresses any admiration for the lands across the Atlantic.

The answer is yes and no. The way of lo life of half a dozen countries over there is almost always a heart-tugging memory. P

But sentiment aside, when one is still or fairly young, one wants to build toward be the future. Can you build in England c where initiative is shackled by an income p tax that outdistances any efforts to raise a your standard of living?

On the other hand (now it's my turn b to ask a question) can we find refuge in Canada and forgetfulness of the eff a courageous people are making to re- 1 build their world?

CHATELAINE, SEPTEMBER, 1950

#### STEWS, PLAIN & FANCY

Continued from page 20

#### **Basic Beef Stew**

1 pound lean beef teaspoons fat

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1/2 clove garlic, minced 11/2 teaspoons salt

1/ teaspoon pepper 1 teaspoon sugar

1/2 tablespoon lemon juice or cider vinegar

1/2 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce 1 can tomato soup

3 cups water

9-12 small onions

3 carrots, cut in half, then quartered

3 medium potatoes, quartered

Method: Cut beef into 1-inch cubes and brown in hot fat. Add all ingredients except vegetables. Simmer 2 hours. Add vegetables. Continue cooking until meat and vegetables are tender (about 1 hour).

e up carl Pressure Cooker Method: Cut beef into 1-inch cubes and brown in hot fat replied in pressure cooker. Add all ingredients oly sleep except vegetables, but use only 1½ cups off down minutes. Bring down pressure. Add vegetables and cook at pressure for 8 minutes. Yield: 8 servings.

minutes. Yield:

#### Chicken Chop Suey

2 tablespoons butter or margarine

2 large onions, sliced 1 cup celery, chopped

pound green beans

green pepper 1 cup chicken stock or water

2 tablespoons soy sauce

1 teaspoon salt 16 teaspoon pepper

1 can bean sprouts

1 can mushrooms

2 pounds cooked chicken

Method: Melt butter or margarine in large frying pan. Add onions and brown. Add celery, beans (cut in 1-inch pieces), green pepper (cut in strips), chicken stock, soy sauce, salt and pepper. Simmer 20 minutes, then add chicken (cut in 1-inch strips), mushrooms and bean sprouts and simmer 10 minutes The way of longer.

memory. Pressure cooker method: Melt butter one is still or margarine in cooker, add onions and brown. Add celery, beans, green pepper, chicken stock, soy sauce, salt and an income rts to ruse and cook for 4 minutes. Reduce pressure. Add chicken, mushrooms. s my turn bean sprouts and simmer without pres-d refuge in sure for 10 minutes. Yield: 8 servings.

ing to re-Notes: If cooked chicken is not available buy 2 pounds ready-cut chicken and simmer until tender. Then use the broth for chicken stock.

For an oriental meal serve chicken chop suey with hot fluffy rice as the main course with an orange tossed salad. For dessert, Almond Bavarian. Approved by Chatelaine Institute.

#### Lamb and Lima Bean Stew

1 pound dried lima beans

2 pounds stewing lamb 2 tablespoons shortening

1 teaspoon salt

½ teaspoon pepper 1 teaspoon celery salt

2 cup celery, chopped

1 onion, chopped

4 tablespoons catsup water or stock

Preparation: Cover beans with water and soak overnight.

Method: Cut lamb in 11/2-inch cubes and brown on all sides in melted shortening. Season with salt, pepper and celery salt. Add the celery, onion, catsup and drained, soaked beans to the lamb. Cover with water or stock. Cover and cook slowly for 2 hours or until lamb is tender and beans are soft.

Pressure cooker method: Melt shortening in pressure cooker and brown the lamb on all sides. Add remaining ingredients. Cover and cook at pressure for 20 minutes. Allow pressure to drop gradually. Yield: 8 servings.

Note: For a complete dinner serve lamb and lima bean stew with tasty onion ring biscuits and a carrot and raisin salad. Then for dessert serve lemon meringue pie.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute.

#### **Curried Veal With Noodles**

2 pounds stewing veal

2 tablespoons fat 3 tablespoons flour

2 teaspoons salt

1 teaspoon curry

3 cups cold water 1 cup diced celery

6-8 small white onions

1 can peas

2 teaspoons liquid gravy maker

3 cups uncooked noodles

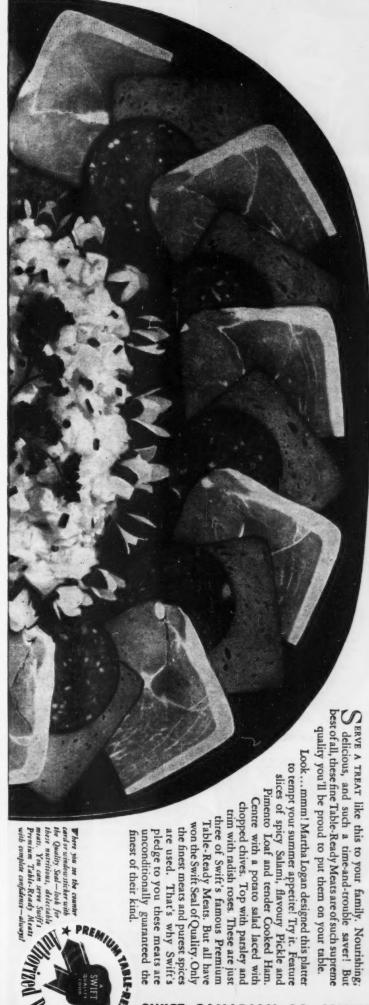
Method: Cut veal into 1-inch cubes and brown in hot fat. Lightly stir in flour and seasonings. Add water. Cover and reduce heat. Simmer about 11/4 hours. Add celery and onions. Continue cooking until tender (about 40 minutes). Add peas and heat thoroughly. Add gravy maker. If desired liquid may be thickened by gradually stirring in paste made with 2 tablespoons flour and 1/4 cup cold water. Cook until thickened.

Pressure cooker method: Cut veal into 1-inch cubes and brown in hot fat in pressure cooker. Add flour, seasonings and water as in standard method. Cook at pressure for 10 minutes. Bring down pressure. Add celery and onions and cook at pressure for 5 minutes. Bring down pressure. Add peas and gravy maker as in standard method. Thicken if desired.

To cook noodles: Cook in boiling water for 20 minutes. Drain. Yield: 8 servings.

Notes: 1. Liquid gravy makers are sold under several brand names. Use as

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desired to give gravy a rich brown color. 2. Stew may be served on a platter surrounded by noodles. Sprinkle noodles

with paprika. Delicious with parsleyed carrots. Peach turnovers for dessert. Approved by Chatelaine Institute.

#### Hungarian Goulash

- 2 pounds beef chuck
- 1 cup chopped onion 6 tablespoons fat
- 1 tablespoon flour
- 1 teaspoon salt
- tablespoon paprika
- 2 bouillon cubes
- 2 cups hot water 1 can tomato soup
- 21/2 cups canned tomatoes
- clove garlic, minced
- 1 Bouquet Garni

Method: Cut beef into 2-inch pieces Cook beef and onion in hot fat until onion is soft and yellow. Lightly stir in flour, salt and paprika. Cook 5 Dissolve bouillon cubes in water. Add all ingredients and Bouquet Garni to meat mixture; heat to boiling, Cover. Bake in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) until meat is tender (about 11/2 hours). Remove Bouquet Garni.

Pressure cooker method: Cut beef into 2-inch cubes. Cook beef and onion in hot fat in pressure cooker until onion is soft and yellow. Combine other ingredients as in standard method. Cook at pressure for 15 minutes. Allow pressure to drop gradually. Remove Bouquet Garni. Yield: 8 to 10 servings.

Notes: 1. Nice with cornmeal dumplings, head lettuce salad, fruit floating island and drop cookies.

2. To make Bouquet Garni, place 1 bay leaf, 1 stalk celery and leaves, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 1 blade thyme in a piece of cheesecloth. Tie loosely. Approved by Chatelaine Institute.

#### Hurry-up Stew

- 1/2 pound minced beef
- 2 medium onions, chopped
- 2 tablespoons dripping
- 11/2 cups water
- 2 teaspoon salt
- 1 can vegetable beef soup
- 2 teaspoons chopped parsley

Method: Brown beef and onions in dripping, stirring frequently. Add water and salt. Simmer for 15 minutes. Add can of soup. Just before serving add chopped parsley.

Serve on toast or with quick dumplings or tea biscuits.

Pressure cooker method: Make as above but brown meat and onions in pressure cooker. After adding water and salt, bring up pressure. Cook at pressure for 5 minutes. Bring down pressure, add canned soup, then parsley. Simmer uncovered until thoroughly heated through. Yield: 4 servings.

Notes: 1. For lamb stew use minced lamb and 1 can of Scotch broth.

2. If desired, drained canned peas or beans may be added along with the canned soup. Also cubed cooked potatoes (about 1 cup) may be added.

3. Good for dinner if accompanied with coleslaw or tomato salad. dessert-fruit and cookies.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute.



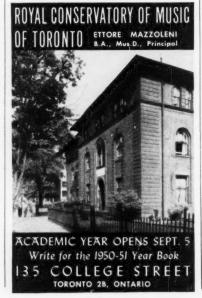
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#### TO SERVE WITH STEWS

#### Plain Dumplings

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- 2 cups sifted pastry flour
- 4 teaspoons baking powder
- 6 teaspoon salt
- 34 cup milk

Method: Sift dry ingredients together into mixing bowl. Add milk gradually, stirring lightly with a fork. Mix only until combined. Drop into boiling stev from a tablespoon. Simmer uncovered for 5 minutes. Cover and cook 10 minutes more. Serve at once. Yield: 8 dumplings.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute.

#### **Parsley Dumplings**

Make as plain dumplings. tablespoons finely chopped parsley to the dry ingredients before adding liquid Approved by Chatelaine Institute.

#### **Cornmeal Dumplings**

- 1 cup cornmeal
- g cup sifted pastry flour
- 34 teaspoon salt
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1 beaten egg 4 cup milk
- 2 tablespoons melted fat

Method: Combine dry ingredients in mixing bowl. Add egg and milk. Blend. Stir in melted fat. Cook as plain dumplings. Yield: 8 dumplings. Approved by Chatelaine Institute.

#### **Onion Ring Biscuits**

Make up your favorite biscuit dough. Roll and then cut with a 212-inch cutter. Peel onions and cut in thin slices; place one slice on top of each biscuit. Brush the top with melted butter or margarine Bake on an ungreased bake sheet at 450 degrees F. for 15 minutes. Serve hot

around the stew.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute. •

#### EAT AND GROW SLIM

Continued from page !

exercises harrowing, wearing exercise Before a week was over your nerve vibrated like axle springs . . . you children ran from your path . . felt that life had turned to dust. So ye abandoned the whole nasty busines and ate your way back into a good temper. The pounds continued to gath round your moorings.

These faddy dramatic diets have bethrown overboard in the light of the latest nutritional research. Diet longer means starvation - it mea eating plenty of wholesome food.

Maybe you've suspected this, bu doctors now confirm another fact: ye cannot have health and extra fat, to Obesity is now classed as a serio disease. Overeating is a friendly inv tation to high blood pressure, flat fee hardening of the arteries, chronic bro chitis and gall bladder disease.

Dieting is the only way to sho pounds. No pretty little pink pills will do it. Creams, drugs, salts, pills, pow a waste of your time or are downright

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dangerous unless prescribed by your personal physician. Massage and exercise tone you up and ease the curves into proper position, but do not take off any weight. Strenuous exercise tires you and whips up a keen appetite—the last thing you need!

Eating too much is, basically, an emotional problem. That's the opinion of such experts as Dr. Hilde Bruch of Columbia University. Fat people seek comfort for failure and disappointment

by overeating.

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parsley to ling liquid The fistful of diets we studied were all highly touted weight reducers. From medical experts we learned that many of these do not contain all the essential nutrition your body must have to sustain health. Freaky diets which call for gallons of milk or baskets of fruit or pounds of meat take weight off, all right—but you lose pounds only because you are developing definite dietary deficiencies. Instead of leaving you slim and full of new bounce, they make you haggard and ill.

For glowing health it is vital to maintain a balanced diet. That is why we recommend this reducing diet, which is similar to one published by the conservative British Medical Journal and based on the principles of good nutrition.

Feast your fill of tangy apples, oranges, grapefruit, melons, bananas, plums, berries and any other fresh fruit you fancy. Enjoy every kind of succulent vegetable, whether fresh or frozen, like squash and corn and Brussels sprouts and carrots and peas and mushrooms and beans and . . . whatever you can carry home from market. Slide your knife through lean beef, steak, hamburg, pork chops or any other meat, leaving fat on the plate. Help yourself to chicken, turkey, kidney, heart, liver, fresh or frozen fish. Don't stint on eggs, salt, pepper, sour pickles or Worcestershire sauce.

Summarized for easy study, here is the most practical, downright delicious

diet we've ever heard of:

Enjoy all you can eat of lean meats, poultry, liver, kidney, heart, fresh or frozen fish (not canned). Cook these as you wish but without flour, gravy or sauces.

Potatoes boiled, steamed or crispbaked in their skins. All vegetables whether fresh, canned or frozen. Cook these as you like but without fat.

Salads with vinegar dressing. Fresh fruit of any kind and diabetic canned fruit (that is, water-packed). Enjoy citrus fruit or juice daily.

Clear soups, bouillons or meat extracts.

One whole pint of skim milk or buttermilk every day.

Three average slices of bread every day . . whole wheat, dark rye, Hovis or cracked wheat.

One capsule of high potency fish liver oil or three drops of such an oil every day.

Sour pickles, salt, pepper, mustard, vinegar and Worcestershire sauce.

Saccharin for sweetening your tea and

There it is. But just before you slide the serviette out of its ring, let's have one vital thing understood. The whole point of this wonderful diet is that you are allowed full freedom to eat your fill of the right foods. All others must be as dust and ashes, while you are on the diet.

And you never had it so good. After a breakfast of a full glass of orange juice

or a generous bowl of fruit plus a couple of eggs and a cup or two of coffee, who could ask for anything more? Not you!

Have a hearty lunch. And for dinner, plan on chilled grapefruit, a thick slice or two of lean roast beef, boiled potatoes, tender new corn on the cob and asparagus or salad. For dessert, a plate of frosted grapes or perhaps half a melon. As you sip your coffee, we defy you to still feel hungry for gravies or rich dessert.

It's a blessing to be able to serve the

family the same vegetables, meats and fruits you eat; put your portion aside first, then add such extras as white sauce or whipped cream for them.

One feature of this eat-your-fill diet that we particularly like is the absence of those blow-by-blow daily menus that mean precise shopping lists and special cooking.

But the best feature of all is that you eat—satisfying the most ravenous appetite. And you do it with a clear conscience. There's no temptation to

throw in the sponge, or to take out your frayed nerves and hunger pangs on the neighbor's cat.

When relatives and friends drop in this Christmas, you can show off your best gift of all—a slim figure, a warmly glowing skin, new zest for living. And you'll experience that wonderful inner lift that comes when you know you are looking and feeling your best. That occasion will call for a new dress, don't you think? Something very voguish—in a size 14.





\*B.P. INSUL-BRIC Siding adds lasting colour and good looks to wood-sided walls, increases living comfort, cuts fuel costs. Supplied in red, buff and blended brown shades, it is available with a white (illustrated above), as well as a black, mortar line.



\*B.P. INSUL-TEX Siding with the attractive Weathertex finish (shown above), is another B.P. Siding that gives you the same insulating value as 8 inches of brick and a lasting finish that provides fire and weather protection—requires no paint.



\*B.P. INSUL-STONE Siding (above) is the latest addition to the B.P. line of Insul-Ated Sidings which give years of comfort and economy. It, too, is available with the exclusive metal reinforced B.P. Armoured corner—is quickly and easily applied.

The exclusive "ARMORIZED" construction of B.P. Insul-Ated Sidings gives them amazing structural strength and complete protection over their entire surface, including the joints. They are made by the makers of famous B.P. Asphalt Shingles, B.P. Insul-Board, B.P. Flortile, and other building materials for better Canadian living.

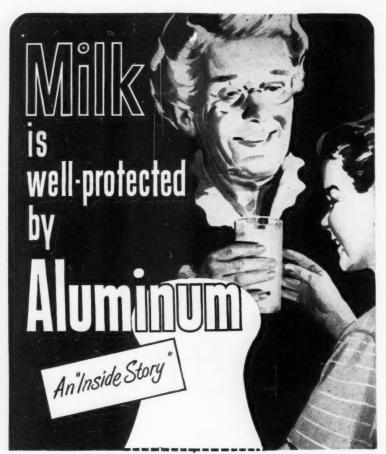


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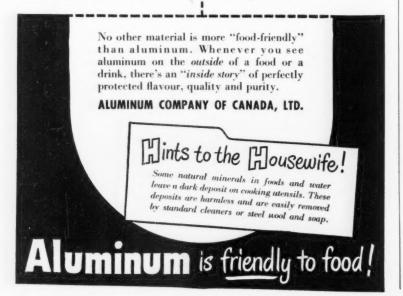
2. And Nature gave aluminum qualities that make it ideal in contact with food. Many milk pails . . . many parts of modern milking machines are made of aluminum.



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4. And to cap it all, many bottles of milk are protection-sealed with shining aluminum foil tops. Aluminum assures cleanliness for this most sensitive of all foods.



#### OVEN DINNER

Combination Casserole Tossed Salad Hot Spicy Apple Crisp

#### **Combination Casserole**

1 pound round steak minced 1/2 cup raw rice 2 onions, thinly sliced 2 cups celery, chopped 6 medium potatoes 1 can tomato soup 2 cups water salt and pepper

Method: Mix round steak with rice. Arrange meat-rice mixture alternately in layers with onions and celery in a very large greased casserole. Season. Top with potatoes, thinly sliced. Season. Mix Top with potatoes, tomato soup with water and pour in casserole. Cover and bake in a 350 degrees F. oven for 2 to 21/2 hours. Yield: 6 to

#### Hot Spicy Apple Crisp

4 cups sliced pared apples

1/2 teaspoon cinnamon

g cup sugar

2 tablespoons water 34 cup brown sugar

34 cup pastry flour 14 cup soft butter or

margarine

Method: Grease a deep baking dish. Arrange sliced apples in layers, sprinkling each layer with cinnamon and sugar. Pour Cream water over apples. butter, and gradually add the brown sugar and flour. Spread lightly over apples. Bake in a 350 degree F, oven for 40 to 45 minutes. Top with whipped cream. Yield: 6 servings.

#### GARDEN BARBECUE

Wiener Wrap-Arounds French Fries Roasted Corn Garlic French Bread Assorted Relishes Chocolate Banana Cup Cake

Wiener Wrap - Arounds: Slash wieners lengthwise. Stuff a half-inch strip of mild cheese into each and wrap with a slice of bacon. Place under broiler until bacon is crisp and cheese is melted. Place in split rolls, arrange on a chop plate and garnish with gherkins. Serve hot.

#### Chocolate Banana Cup Cakes

214 cups sifted cake flour 1 teaspoon baking powder

4 teaspoon baking soda

1 teaspoon salt

2/3 cup shortening

11/2 cups sugar 2 eggs

1 teaspoon vanilla

2 squares melted

chocolate 1 cup mashed bananas

1/2 cup sour milk

Tasty way to serve wieners is with cheese and bacon in a bun. Method: Sift flour, baking powder, soda and salt together. Cream shortening, add sugar gradually and cream well. Add eggs, one at a time, beating after each addition. Add vanilla and chocolate, mix Add well. Alternately add sifted dry ingredients with mashed bananas and sour milk. Beat 2 minutes. Spoon batter into greased cupcake pans or paper cups. Bake in a 350 degree F. oven for 20 to 25 minutes. Top with a chocolate butter frosting. Yield: 30 cupcakes.

Note: This recipe can be successfully divided in half. For 15 cupcakes use 1/2 teaspoon soda and cut the remainder of the ingredients in half.



#### FOR SEPTEMBER

#### COMPANY DINNER

Spiced Apple Juice Baked Ham Slices Scalloped Potatoes Green Peas **Tomato Stuffed Onions** Raw Relish Platter Fresh Peach Shortcake

#### Spiced Apple Juice

2 tablespoonsbrownsugar 1 cinnamon stick dash of allspice dash of nutmeg 2 cups of apple juice

Method: Mix brown sugar and spices together. Add apple Simmer 10 minutes, then strain through cheese cloth. Chill with cracked ice.

Baked Ham Slices: Place 2 slices ham, 1-inch thick, in shallow roasting pan. Combine 1 cup brown sugar, 2 teaspoons mustard and 2 tablespoons flour, and rub over ham. Pour over it 2 cups buttermilk. Bake in a moderate oven of 350 degrees F. for 2 hours or until tender. Serve on a platter garnished with parsley. Yield: 6 servings.

Tomato Stuffed Onions: Parboil onions. Remove centres with a fork and stuff with a mixture of bread crumbs, chopped tomatoes, chopped celery, minced onion, salt and pepper. Bake in a covered casserole for one hour in a moderate oven.

Raw Relish Platter: Celery stalks, cucumber slices, carrot sticks, lettuce wedges, radish roses, olives.

All recipes are approved by Chatelaine Institute.

#### HARVEST DINNER

Cream Potato Soup Harvest Vegetable Plate Pear and Cheese Platter

#### Cream Potato Soup

- 4 medium potatoes
- 4 cups milk
- 1 onion
- 3 tablespoons butter or margarine
- 11/2 teaspoons salt
- teaspoon celery salt
- 1/4 teaspoon pepper 1 teaspoon chopped
- parsley

Method: Cook potatoes in boiling salted water. Mean-while scald milk with onion,



then remove onion. potatoes are soft, drain, rub through a sieve into hot milk, mixing with a wire whisk. Add butter and seasonings, stir until well blended. Reheat. To serve, pour into bowls and sprinkle with parsley. Yield: 8 servings.

#### Harvest Vegetable Plate

Baked Pepper Squash: Cut the squash in half and scoop out the seeds. Season. Place cut side down in a bake dish, add just enough water to cover the bottom. Bake, covered, in a moderate oven for 20 minutes. Turn squash up and bake uncovered for 15 minutes. Fill the centre of the squash with Ruby Red Beets.

Golden Glazed Carrots: Put the precooked carrots in a frying pan with butter or margarine and a little brown sugar. Cook for a few minutes. Arrange in a fan shape alongside the squash.

Celery Stalks: Stuff with cottage cheese

Creamed Cauliflower: Cook just until tender. Garnish with parsley.

Always tempting for dessert is a platter of fruit in season, crackers and cheese.



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A beautiful Duncan Phyfe console or sofa tableonly 20" deep!

The sturdiest dining table ever—as steady when fully extended as when closed. "No sway, no rock, no wobble". It's patented!

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• A dessert treat you'll be bound to boast about, these fluffy-light tarts, rich with raspberry jam! Choose them as your *specialty*, and make them often, the easy Magic way.

You save money, when you "bake your own"... and Magic Baking Powder ensures success, every time. Yes, Magic means finer texture, perfect flavor—with no waste of those fine ingredients you selected. Yet it costs less than 1¢ per average baking. Use Magic whenever you bake.

#### JAM TARTS

2 cups sifted allpurpose flour 3 tsp. Magic Baking Powder 1 tsp. salt 4 tbs. shortening 1 egg

1/2 cup milk

syrup Raspberry Jam Cinnamon sugar

1 tbs. light corn

Sift together flour, baking powder, salt. Cut in shortening with 2 knives or pastry blender. Beat egg; add milk and corn syrup; add to flour mixture, stirring only enough to make dough hold together. Knead on lightly floured board ½ minute. Roll out ½" thick; cut with biscuit

cutter. Place on greased baking sheet; make deep impression in centre of each with thumb, pressing firmly. Drop raspberry jam in each hollowed out centre. Brush biscuit dough with milk; sprinkle with cinamon sugar. Bake in 425°. oven, 12-15 minutes. Serve immediately.



Controls are grouped at one end of this British-made product. Browning control has six settings. The toasting cycle is started by pressing the plastic handle. When toast is ready it pops up and the elements switch off. Toast can be examined at any time without stopping the automatic timer. Pressure on the white trip button stops the toasting operation. Hinged crumb tray is easy to clean.



Morphy-Richards



Westinghouse

Push down on handle at either side to pop up the two slices of toast in this compact manually operated toaster. For best results a short pre-heating period is necessary. The attached cord is equipped with a switch—no need to disconnect the plug. To clean, empty and wipe off the removable base. Chromium finish is kept gleaming by wiping with a damp cloth and polishing with a soft dry one.

Unique pop-down feature of this automatic toaster makes toast removal easy. Two slices may be left in the chutes while two others are toasting. No crumb tray is necessary. Crumbs slide down to ledges of chutes and can be wiped off in a jiffy. One lever functions as both color regulator and manual release. Pre-heating is recommended. Clockwork timer. Operates on alternating current only.



A.B.C. Electric

Whether they pop up or pop down, the Institute finds the new toasters are little miracles of efficiency

This slenderized appliance fits neatly on narrow ledge or crowded table, takes up little space on the storage shelf. Single-slot oven holds two regular slices or one over-size slice. Color regulator permits a choice of shades. Large bakelite front dial controls the toasting. Current turns off and toast pops up automatically, or toasting may be interrupted at any time by rotating the manual release. Crumb tray drawer slides out smoothly. Operates on alternating current only.

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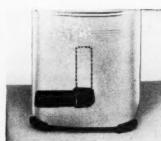
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Radiant thermostatic control makes this toaster fully automatic. No levers to push. The bread lowers itself gently and turns on the current. Color-selector knob is easily set. Any variety of bread may be used-dry or fresh, thick or thin-no change of setting is required. Every slice is browned evenly because the current turns off automatically. Toast rises silently. Has hinged crumb tray.

Attractive automatic pop-up toaster. Middle section of handle is pressed down, as shown, to put toaster in operation. Toasting may be interrupted at any time by lifting this lever. Color control dial may be set for light, dark, or anywhere in between. A touch of the thumb opens the hinged crumb tray on the underside. Handles of cool plastic are slightly curved to fit the fingers.



McGraw Electric



General Electric

Manually operated, two slice enclosed toaster. Easily accessible plastic lever pivots down to either side to lower the bread and turn on the elements. When the lever is turned to the upright position indicated by the broken line, the toast is popped up and the current switched off. Attached cord is extra long (eight feet). This, like other toasters, should be plugged into wall or base receptacle only.



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#### CHATELAINE Service Bulletins



It's not easy to keep the cookie jar filled, but here's a variety of recipes to help — plain ones for the children, fancy kinds for dessert and party fare. Bulletin No. 2200, price 10 cents.



or an intimate family affair, you'll find all the important details covered in this valuable booklet. Bulletin No. 404, price 15 cents.

Order from

Chatelaine Service Bulletin Dept., 481 University Ave., Toronto, Ont.





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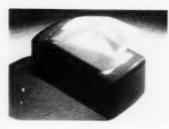




Card partners. Something new, something welcome to attach to the card table. They have wells for two glasses and an ash tray, thus leaving the table surface free of clutter and the ever-present threat of overturned glasses. In colors, set of 2 \$3.50,



School's in. A cowhide folder with large capacity rings to hold double the number of school or college papers. It has a pocket in the inside cover for extra items. Of real leather with zippered closing it will stand up to constant use. Colors green, brown or red. From \$5 up.



Nifty-naps. Paper napkin container made of plastic is handy for the breakfast table, the kitchen. Essential where there are children. Comes in kitchen colors, yellow, red, ivory, green for about 90c. Napkin refills 70 for 10c.



You paint 'em. Chinalike paints in primary colors to dress figurines to your own taste. Require no firms or baking. Paints about 90c for sir jars. Figurine shown 70c. Others 40 cents to \$1.60. Brushes 10 and 15c



Canada's prettiest women wear Piko hats

IMPORTED BRUSHED BEAVER ...

incredibly soft—is draped to one side on this important"little" hat from Piko. A jewel touch is the only

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Trick pencils. Telescopic one, closed with cap on, is the size of a minute. Cap off, and flicked from the wrist, it's regulation size. In gilt finish about 60c. Pencil with mechanically reeled chain looks smart and is convenient fastened to pocket, belt or purse. About \$2.

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Food disposer. Garbage container enameled red, yellow, blue, green, black or white with chrome lid. Has removable galvanized pail inside, action rubber pedal and defumer in the lid. 17-quart size \$7.50. 12-quart without defumer \$5.75.



Beauty box matches the disposer. Two-compartment bread or cake box comes in assorted colors as disposer and has a hardwood bread board on the door lid. The door lies perfectly flat and solid when opened up for use. Priced about \$7.50.



Your very own. Initialed glassware is distinctive. Now you can get your own initial on water glasses and matching ash trays without delay. Ash trays can be used as coasters as they fit the tumbler's base. Each glass, 40c; ash tray, 35c.



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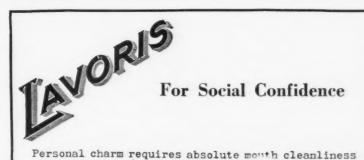
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## OU CAN HELP THEM BEHAVE

Every youngster from one to three years of age has a few tantrums—they are inevitable. They occur more frequently if a child is tired, if his health isn't as good as it should be, or if he is hungry. You would be wise, therefore, to have him checked over by your physician regularly every six months to make sure that everything necessary to keep him well is being done.

#### **Organized Play**

Preschool children are very active, as you know only too well, and they naturally get into all sorts of trouble if you give them full run of the house. The very young child should have a playpen, but once he learns to walk, he'll need more exercise than they allow. Then you'll need to buy a gate for his room, and you'd be wise to fence in the back yard completely so that he can play safely out there. For indoor play arrange things in his room so that he can play freely and so that you don't need to curb his activities. If he obtains plenty of active exercise he will be far easier to live with. Several toys that he can push and pull are a great help.





#### Tantrums

If your child has frequent tantrums it means you are not handling her well. It's best not to ask if she wants to carry out the necessary parts of her routine. Take it for granted, and suggest doing the job together. Make a game of it if you can. Distract her if possible when you see trouble on the way. Don't give in when she is having an outburst, because if you do she'll soon learn that tantrums are wonderful weapons for gaining her own way. Pay as little attention as possible when she is in the thick of one, but once the worst is over

try to interest her in something else. When bedtime, mealtime or a necessary trip to the bathroom are due, warn her five minutes beforehand so that she has a chance to finish what she is at. Most small children don't stick at any one project for long, and so you should try not to interrupt them any more than is necessary.

#### Regular Naps

Youngsters are far happier and healthier if they regularly have a nap after their noon meal. Undress them and put them to bed, just as you do at night. They are more likely to sleep if you can persuade them to lie still. If you read your child a story, or sit or lie down beside him, he usually drops off to sleep. It's better, though, for him to learn to rest quietly by himself. If he's had a good morning of vigorous play outdoors he'll be sleepier. As he grows older he'll probably sleep some days but not others. Nevertheless he is the better for a good rest every day until he goes to school in the afternoon.

#### Jealousy

A certain amount of jealousy between the children in a family is inevitable. If you keep this in mind and try to put yourself in each child's place, you can do a great deal to reduce it. If your first child is more than two years old

Continued on page 86

#### CHILD HEALTH CLINIC ELIZABETH CHANT ROBERTSON M.D., Directo



#### Who put the IRON in Baby's Dish?

You did, Mother-if that's one of Gerber's good-tasting Cereals in Baby's bowl. For each serving contains a healthy helping of iron to help build good red blood. No wonder so many babies start right out on Gerber's Cereals as soon as spoon feedings begin.

You see, doctors know that babies are our only business. And they often suggest one of Gerber's specially prepared Cereals—Cereal Food, Oatmeal Mixture or Barley Cereal—as a starter for Baby's first solid food. And then, Gerber's 3-way variety is a big help . . . for variety keeps Baby from getting bored with feedings.

Coming Soon! Gerber's True-Flavor, Protected-Texture, Strained Foods. All precooked, ready to serve. So convenient for Mother, so tasty for Baby. Look for our announcement soon!

Babies are our business...our only business!



Gerber-Ogilvie Baby Foods, Ltd. Niagara Falls, Canada





Hints collected by Mrs Dan Gerbers (Mother of 5)

COVER-UP STUFF. A fellow mother writes, "Aluminum foil makes a fine cover for opened containers of Baby Foods. No rubber bands needed. Press on a piece of the foil before refrigerating the leftovers."



C'MON IN! This column is wide open for your helpful baby care suggestions. Send them to Mrs. Gerber, Gerber-Ogilvie Baby Foods Ltd., Niagara Falls, Canada.



BIB TIP. Next feeding try using a diaper as a bib. Big enough to really cover Ba-by, Less spots on sonny's shirts. Less washing for you.

CHUCK LIST for Housecleaning:

- 1. Chuck out chipped or cracked glasses, cups, plates. These family health hazards can't be kept sanitary by ordinary dishwashing.

  2. Chuck out toys with sharp points or loose parts that Baby might swallow.
- 3. Chuck carefully, though. Don't toss old medicines, broken pottery or any dangerous items where children can possibly find them.

DON'T FORGET DADDY! DON'T FORGET DADDY!
He wants a hand
in bringing up Baby,
too. On Sundays, for
instance, let Pop (in
your rubber apron)
give Junior his bath.
They'll both have
fun!

SAFEST RULE. Follow the doctor's orders on Baby's eating and sleeping schedule. What your baby is ready to do next depends on his or her stage of development—not on age or size or what the baby next door can do.



FREE CEREALS! Get your samples of Gerber's Cereal Food, Oatmeal Mixture and Barley Cereal. All ready to serve.

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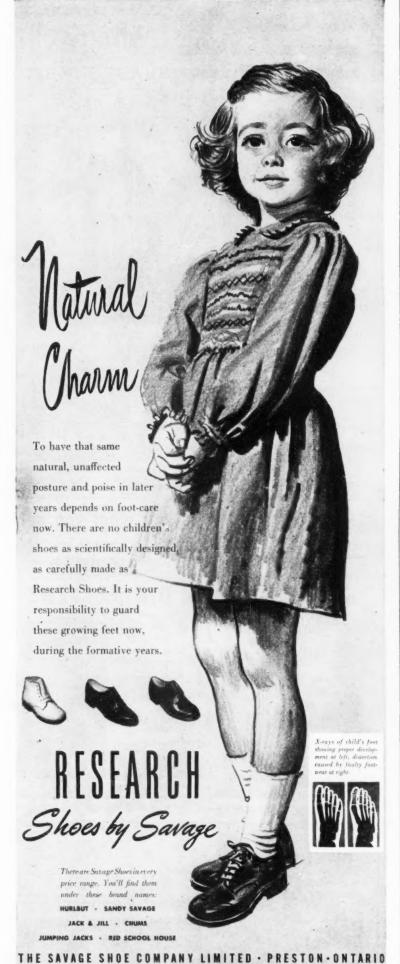
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Youngsters are far happier and healthier if they regularly have a nap after their noon meal. Undress them and put them to bed, just as you do at night. They are more likely to sleep if you can persuade them to lie still. If you read your child a story, or sit or lie down beside him, he usually drops off to sleep. It's better, though, for him to learn to rest quietly by himself. If he's had a good morning of vigorous play outdoors he'll be sleepier. As he grows older he'll probably sleep some days but not others. Nevertheless he is the better for a good rest every day until he goes to school in the afternoon.

#### Jealousy

A certain amount of jealousy between the children in a family is inevitable. If you keep this in mind and try to put yourself in each child's place, you can do a great deal to reduce it. If your first child is more than two years old

Continued on page 86

#### CHILD HEALTH CLIMIC

ELIZABETH CHANT ROBERTSON M.D., Directo



#### Who put the IRON in Baby's Dish?

You did, Mother-if that's one of Gerber's good-tasting Cereals in Baby's bowl. For each serving contains a healthy helping of iron to help build good red blood. No wonder so many babies start right out on Gerber's Cereals as soon as spoon feedings begin.

You see, doctors know that babies are our only business. And they often suggest one of Gerber's specially prepared Cereals-Cereal Food, Oatmeal Mixture or Barley Cereal-as a starter for Baby's first solid food. And then, Gerber's 3-way variety is a big help . . . for variety keeps Baby from getting bored with feedings.

Coming Soon! Gerber's True-Flavor, Protected-Texture, Strained Foods. All precooked, ready to serve. So convenient for Mother, so tasty for Baby. Look for our announcement soon!

Babies are our business...our only business!



Gerber-Ogilvie Baby Foods, Ltd. Niagara Falls, Canada





Hints collected by Mrs Dan Gerber (Mother of 5)

COVER-UP STUFF. A fellow mother writes, "Aluminum foil makes a fine cover for opened containers of Baby Foods. No rubber bands needed. Press on a piece of the foil before refrigerating the leftovers."



C'MON IN! This column is wide open for your helpful baby care suggestions. Send them to Mrs. Gerber, Gerber-Ogilvie Baby Foods Ltd., Niagara Falls, Canada.



BIB TIP. Next feeding try using a diaper as a bib. Big enough to really cover Ba-by. Less spots on sonny's shirts. Less washing for you.

CHUCK LIST for Housecleaning:

- CHUCK 1157 for Housecleaning:

  1. Chuck out chipped or cracked glasses, cups, plates. These family health hazards can't be kept sanitary by ordinary dishwashing.

  2. Chuck out toys with sharp points or loose parts that Baby might swallow.
- 3. Chuck carefully, though. Don't toss old medicines, broken pottery or any dangerous items where children 'can possibly find them.

DON'T FORGET DADDY! He wants a hand in bringing up Baby, too. On Sundays, for instance, let Pop (in your rubber apron) give Junior his bath. They'll both have fun!



SAFEST RULE. Follow the doctor's orders on Baby's eating and sleeping schedule. What your baby is ready to do next depends on his or her stage of docubernment. of development—not on age or size or what the baby next door can do.



FREE CEREALS! Get FREE CEREALS! Get your samples of Gerber's Cereal Food, Oatmeal Mixture and Bar-ley Cereal. All ready to serve. Write to Gerber-Foods Ltd., Niagara

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## Make this Simple LAVETTE FOR HIS Royal Highness.".





ERE'S the exquisite Royal Layette . . . adapted from that made for little Prince Charles! Knit it for your very own baby prince or princess, with supersoft Newlands Baby Yarn -a fine 3-ply Andalusian yarn-\*kroy-processed to make it shrinkproof, nylon-re-enforced for longer wear. Or make it with Newlands' wonderful new 100% pure Crimp-set Nylon Yarn, shrinkproof, mothproof, hole-resistant-cool in summer, warm in winter! These varns are colourfast-come up like new after countless launderings. Directions for knitting the Royal Layette are in Newlands' new Baby Book, containing 85 new patterns. Buy it at your wool shop or send in the coupon below.

\*Trade Mark Reg'd.

range of baby-soft pastels, for all types of infants' wear and your own fine sweaters.

ny shades in the darker





Write for

#### NEWLANDS' BABY BOOK

To: NEWLANDS & CO. LTD., Galt, Ontario, Dept. C-1

Please send me your illustrated Baby Book, Vol. 8, Book 14. Enclosed is 50c to cover the book and postage.

NAME

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CITY OR TOWN

Newlands

# EADER TAKES OVER

#### Equal Rights for Mr. Sinclair

Dear Editor: I have never written to a magazine before, but the article on "Equal Rights for Men" was so stirring I felt I had to. Gordon Sinclair hit the nail squarely on the head and is certainly no sissy or cry-baby, but a very courageous gentleman. However, I think he is barking up the wrong tree if he expects women to help in the liberation of the male.

-Don Strang.

Calgary, Alta

. . . Have just read Equal Rights. Please tell Gordon Sinclair there's one gal who's for him 100%. If such unjust laws exist in Canada today it's time we women changed them . . .

-Mrs. R. B.

New Westminster, B.C.

... Many thanks for Gordon Sinclair's article. Let's hope the various women's organizations take it to heart—and to the legislature. After all, there *must* be some women left in Canada who are not chiselers and grafters.

-В. А. С.

Toronto, Ont.

Dear Mr. Sinclair: I was busy putting a new screen in the door when Chatelaine arrived and I stopped to read your article. Now I am no longer busy—I'm worried. I never knew the hand that rocked the cradle was so grasping.

Equal rights for men, the man says. I am a traveler's wife and the man I am "doing" according to you (and legally too) leaves me every Monday morning and comes home when his shirts are all dirty. I have raised three children . . . father is never around when they are sick, wasn't even when they were born. Along with this I have all the usual trials—roofs that leak, pipes that burst and dogs with distemper. The only thing I would like to see made legal for men and have them given equal rights to is the responsibilities of this marriage partner-ship.

Thank you for your article. I enjoyed it. It riled me enough so I can go ahead and paint the door I put that screen in. It's too bad more companies don't hire women travelers. That's the life for me.

-Mrs. J. L.

Brandon, Man.

Dear G. S.: I got a big kick out of your article and agree with you on many points—but brother, you must have one woman in a million to put up with you!

-Miss M. G.

Toronto, Ont.

#### **Pardon Our English Accent**

Dear Editor: Reading the remark of Lotta Dempsey's in "Hollywood's Latest Triangle" on "the bugbear of the English accent" and "even surmounting it," I am surprised at the frequent sneers on this subject in almost every paper and magazine over here. Surely the English people know best how to speak their own language, which incidentally they were doing long before America was discovered . . .

-Mrs. N.

Ottawa, Ont.

#### **Housekeeping Help**

Dear Editor: I have been a subscriber to your magazine for a number of years and I want to congratulate you on a wonderful women's magazine. I enjoy every copy of it and look forward to it eagerly at the beginning of each month. My father subscribed to Chatelaine for me many years ago, when I was going to school and I've kept up my subscription ever since. In fact I've just recently renewed it in spite of the fact that it does not expire till 1951!

I find your recipes and meal planning a wonderful help.

-Mrs. R. H. J.

Paisley, Ont.

#### **Abnormal Father**

Dear Editor: In this reader's humble opinion you have hit an all-time high in nauseating articles with, "I Don't Like Babies," in July Chatelaine. How sweet the cloak of anonymity to such a father—and what a way to support a child, writing such slush! Perhaps his wife's shame prevented him signing such an effort.

-Mrs. B. A.

Belleville, Ont.

Like Babies," in the July issue and discover that my own experience was not so abnormal or unique as I had thought it. My husband's attitude toward our baby girl almost broke up our home. His indifference, his disinclination to hold her or even notice her were heartbreaking for me to watch. But as he became used to her his affection grew and now that she has reached that loveliest of ages—three—he is her slave.

—Mrs. R. L.

Windsor, Ont.

#### **Stimulating Comment**

Dear Editor: I miss the letters to the editor's column and wish it could be a regular feature. It's always the first thing I look for in the magazine. The ideas and reactions of other women across Canada are stimulating.

-Mrs. R. B.

Vancouver, B.C.

# NOW You Can Get Aspirin in CHILDREN'S SIZE

These tablets provide prescribed children's dosage, contain one half the amount of the adult size Aspirin.



Uncolored and unflavored, they cannot be mistaken for candy. You can use them with

complete confidence.



The fact that Aspirin's single active ingredient has been used—year after year—by millions of normal people, without ill effect, shows how gentle and dependable it is. And because the new Children's Size Aspirin is gentle and dependable, you can give it to your youngsters with complete confidence.

30 tablets for 29c

30 tablets for 29c at all drug stores.

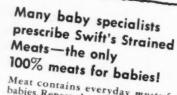


NEW CHILDREN'S SIZE ASPIRIN



#### Swift's Strained Meats provide nutrients

baby needs every day!



Meat contains everyday musts for babies. Repeated medical studies show that baby can benefit from eating Swift's Strained Meats every single day! That's because, like milk and orange juice—and the other good foods your food values baby must get to grow sturdy and strong.

Bobies thrive on Swift's Meats at six weeks!
Because of its special preparation, soft, smooth Swift's Strained Meats can and bave been fed to babies six weeks and younger! The result? Babies fed Swift's Strained Meats thrived! They were contented, slept well and cried little.

Here are the everyday musts that meat in a baby's diet provides: protective B vitamins needed for health, food iron to help build good red blood, and complete proteins. Baby needs three to four times more of these proteins per pound of body weight than a grown.

You can't get the complete proteins meat gives in any more appetizing and compact form for baby than in Swift's Strained Meats. Six tempting varieties: beef, lamb, pork, veal, liver and heart. And thrifty? You serve Swift's Meats for Babies and Swift's Meats for Juniors at about half the cost of home-prepared meats!



All nutritional statements made in this advertisement are accepted by the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association.

Also Swift's Meats for Juniors!



Your Doctor

is best qualified
to say bow early

is best qualified to say how early your baby should start Swift's Strained Meats.

SWIFT ... foremost name in

meats ... first with 100% Meats for Babies

#### Pity the Child!

Dear Editor: In your article on "Unwed Mothers" there was one point of view the author overlooked: what about the children? Not the ones adopted by strangers but those raised by the mothers themselves or by grandparents.

Of course it's hard for the mother to continue living in a small town or village, but no harder than for her child. I know, because I was the child of a woman who loved not wisely. Though no fault of mine, from the attitude of the people in the village one would think I had committed an unforgivable sin. Although my grandfather was a highly respected man, children were told not to play with me. As I grew older if I spoke to boys, or had a date, I was a bad girl "just like her mother." All the years I was home I was never out after midnight, even to a dance, without my mother or my stepfather being with me. If I was ever ill, or went away for a holiday, it aroused speculation that I might be "in trouble." . This only brushes the surface of what the child of an unwed mother faces in our society today-especially if the child is a girl. Now I am married and living many miles from this village. I am happy now and respected. After all these years it is good to be really respected.

Let us not only have more tolerance for the unwed mother but also for her child

-One Who Knows.

chatelaine should have fallen so low as to publish an article such as "Unwed Mother." I am thankful there is no daughter in my home to be contaminated by this sordid story of a girl's life. We all know this sort of thing goes on all the time, but why publicize it? Better to publish stories to lift the morals of young people rather than to drag them down.

-Disgusted

#### YOU CAN HELP

Continued from page 82

when your second baby arrives, the older one should be warned some time beforehand that he is going to have a little brother or sister. If the newcomer is to have the older child's room, make the move well in advance of your departure for the hospital and explain that it means a promotion for the youngster. Be sure too that he knows and likes the person who is going to look after him while you are away. When you come home with the baby, see that Junior gets his share of the presents and the talk. It's hard for him to share his mother with anyone else. •

#### CHANGING YOUR ADDRESS?

Be sure to notify us at least six weeks in advance — otherwise you will likely miss copies. Give us both old and new addresses — attach one of your present address labels if convenient.

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481 University Ave., Toronto 2, Ontario

#### EXPERTS APPROVE



#### Baby's Own Soap

Doctors, nurses and skin specialists all recommend Baby's Own Soap because they know it's mild and safe for even the tiniest baby's delicate skin. More than 80 years of scientific study stand behind the Baby's Own formula...only the purest ingredients are used in its manufacture.

Three generations of Canadian mothers have known and trusted Baby's Own—the *safest* and best soap for any baby.

## MADE FOR EACH OTHER BABY'S OWN 3-STEP FORMULA AND YOUR BABY



SOAP . OIL . POWDER



Yes, to keep your baby smiling and happy, make sure the little system is working just right. Avoid troubles at teething time by giving Steedman's Powder. This famous English remedy gently regulates the little system. Keeps baby from being feverish and fretful. At your druggist's.

The 96-page little red book "Hints to Mothers" is full of helpful tips so you can recognize and treat childhood complaints. Write for free copy to the distributors: Laurentian Agencies Ltd., Dept. B-2, 429 St. Jean Baptiste St., Montreal.

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Look for the double EE symbol on the package.

#### **MEET PEOPLE -MAKE MONEY!**

If you like meeting people and need extra cash, then write to us today. We have just the plan for you . . . a pleasant, dignified business that will turn spare time into profit. Absolutely no cost or obligation to you, everything is supplied without charge. Clip out this advertisement NOW, and mail

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Here's good news for
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Toys for your youngsters.
Well-known in the U.S.,
these are educational wooden toys you've heard and
read so much about. Approved by pediatricians,
Holgate Toys are attractive,
safe, durable and entertaining. Next time buy a Holgate Toy. Sold at better
stores everywhere.



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Baby's Own Products Band-Aid Barber-Ellis Cameo Stationery Birks Diamonds Birks Watches Ban Ami Building Products	86 44 44 6 7 63 75
Caldwell Linen Inside Front Co Campbell's Soups Canada Dry Ginger Ale Canada Post Office Canadian Beauty Appliances C.G.E. Appliances Caradian Milk Castloria Carts Paw Pubber Heels & Soles Circle Bar Hosiery Coca-Cala Coleman Oil Heater Coty Toiletries Crame Limited Crame Limited Crame Limited Crame Tipper	25 40 32 62 1 71 87 34 39 33 81 48 45 30
Decoware Decitraft Furniture Destoi Antiseptic Dominion Oilcloth Dom, Chemical Dr., Scholl's Zino pads	80 77 62 69 81 80
Eaton, Crane & Pike Stationery Ex-Lax Export Cigarettes Eye-Gene	27 56 63 38
Fleischmann's Yeast	61
Gayla Hold Bob Bobby Pins Gerber's Baby Foods Gillett's Lye Goddard's Silver Cloth Gordon Mackay Fabrics	54 83 34 74 29
Heinz Vinegars Holgate Toys H.P. Sauce	87 81
Jergen's Lotion Johnson's Wax	27 64
Keystone Brushes Kirby Beard Bobpins Kotex Kraft Miracle Whip	68 39 55 43
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Neet Cream Hair Remover Newlands Baby Yarn	81 84 74 56
Odo-ro-no Cream Deodorant Ogilvie Sisters Hair Preparations Old Dutch Cleanser Outside Back Co	38 26 ver
Pabena Pablum Paradol (Paris Patty) Peopler's Furniture Pike Hats Player's Cigarettes Pattian Shampoo Princess Pat Hair Nets	-53
Rainmaster Coats Royal Conservatory of Music	74 74
Sanderson Fabrics Sant-Flush Savage Shoes Scotian Craft Weavers Silvo S.O.S Spode Dinnerware Steedman's Baby Powders Supreme Aluminum Swift'ning Swift's Baby Meats Swift's Table Ready Meats	47 63 82 44 5 36 80 87 59 32 86 73
Tampax Tangee Lipstick 3-in-One Oil	88 66 34
Viceroy Fruit Jar Rings	
Wabasso Cotton Inside Back C. Warner's Foundation and Bros Wedgwood China Weston's Biscuits Woodbury Cold Cream Woodbury Powder Woodbury Soap	31 70 41 39 58 54
Yardley of London	8

INDEX TO ADVERTISERS

#### When "Childhood Constipation"



#### upsets your 6-month-old . . .

When your baby is upset because of "Childhood Constipation" give him Castoria. The mild yet thorough laxative that's made especially for his delicate little system. Your doctor will tell you Castoria does not contain a single harsh drug. So gentle, it cannot cause griping, diarrhea or discomfort. So pleasant tasting even very young babies take it willingly.



#### or troubles your 6-year-old . . .

When your growing child is troubled by "Childhood Constipation," remember this: Strong, adult laxatives . . . even in reduced doses . . . may be too harsh! Give Castoria. It's thorough and effective - yet so gentle it will not upset sensitive digestive systems. Tastes so good - children take it without any struggle So keep Castoria on hand at all times - it's made especially for infants and children . . . children of all ages!

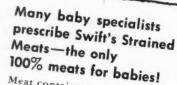


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Babies thrive on Swift's Meats at six weeks!

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100% Meat — provides complete proteins

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Also Swift's Meats



YOUR DOCTOR

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Doctors, nurses and skin specialists all recommend Baby's Own Soap because they know it's mild and safe for even the tiniest baby's delicate skin. More than 80 years of scientific study stand behind the Baby's Own formula ... only the purest ingredients are used in its manufacture.

Three generations of Canadian mothers have known and trusted Baby's Own-the safest and best soap for any baby.

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Also Manufacturers of Teach-a-Tot Toys

#### INDEX TO ADVERTISERS

INDEX TO ADVERTISER	3
Allsweet Margarine Aluminum Company Anaconda Copper & Brass Arborite Decorative Wallbaard Aspirin (Children's size) Asta Madel Caats and Suits Avon Cosmetics Aylmer Tomato Catsup	60 76 34 37 85 66 28 79
Boby's Own Products Bond-Aid Borber-Ellis Cameo Stationery Birks Diamonds Birks Watches Bon Ami Building Products	86 44 44 6 7 63 75
Caldwell Linen Inside Front Co Campbell's Soups Connada Dry Ginger Ale Conada Post Office Condain Beauty Appliances C.G.E. Appliances C.G.E. Appliances Carrotion Milk Costoria Cat's Paw Rubber Heels & Soles Circle Bar Mosiery Coco-Cola Coleman Oil Heater Coty Tolletries Crawn Zipper	25 40 32 62 1 71 87 34 39 33 81 48 45 30
Decoware Delicraft Furniture Delicraft Furniture Deltol Antiseptic Daminion Oilcloth Dom, Chemical Dr. Schall's Zina pads	80 77 62 69 81 80
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Yardley of Landon	8

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CASTORIA is made especially for infants and children . . . children of all ages!



# Promises

Tampax is a word full of meaning for every woman who faces each month the problem of sanitary protection. Millions of women are using the Tampax method today; how about

#### Tampax promises you

complete freedom from belts, pins and external pads—freedom from odor, chafing and binding. Gone is the fear that bulges or ridges may be revealed under your dress or skirt. With Tampax this cannot happen.

#### Tampax promises you

a thoroughly scientific, doctor-invented method, combining efficiency and delicacy. Pure surgical cotton is contained in slender patented dis-posable applicators designed for easy insertion. The Tampax, in place, is absolutely invisible and unfelt.

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a new peace of mind and confidence during "those unpleasant days." Buy it now at drug or notion counter and tuck a month's supply into purse. (3 absorbency-sizes: Regular, Super, Canadian Tampax Cor-Junior.) poration Limited, Brampton, Ont.



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Name		
Address	**********	

City...... Prov.



When we asked Hugh Garner, author of "Coming Out Party" (page 16), for some of the facts of his life, he referred us to the back of his novel, "Storm Be-If you haven't already run across this vivid story of life on a Canadian corvette, we recommend it, as well as the delightful bit of tongue - in - cheek biography. What interests us most, however, is that this young Canadian started to write 15 years ago, has since David Knight published three novels, eight short stories, and fought in

two wars-the Spanish Civil war, and with the Royal Canadian Navy in the last war. While "Coming Out Party" is his first for Chatelaine, watch for "The Yellow Sweater," in an early issue.

One of the first people Eileen Morris went to see to gather background material for "Eat and Grow Slim" (page 65) was our own Dr. Elizabeth Chant Robertson. The Director of Chatelaine's Child Health Clinic and staff doctor at Toronto's famous Sick Children's Hospital is an acknowledged expert on nutrition, as is evidenced by the title of her new book, "You are What You Eat."

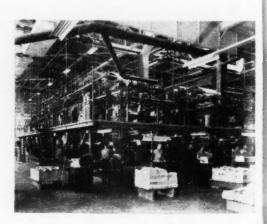


Remember the pretty girl who modeled for our April bride issue? She was Barbara Wilby whom we chose as the typical bride-to-be of 1950-a young business girl who would become a working wife, while her schoolteacher husband continued his studies; their first home, a converted apartment in his parents' house. Barbara and Gordon our magazine make-believe was just a dress rehearsal of their own plans.



Len and Audri Starmer are the youngmarried's who "Live In A Basement And Love Like many other couples these days, they have created a pleasant home, and still kept up their individual careers.

Do they have any trouble living with in-laws? "If there are any gripes—out with them. Never keep them stored up." That's the philosophy they worked out at the start. And today, thinking back, Audri exclaims, "Come to think of it there've never been any!"



It's our unshakable conviction that to the average woman (i.e. ourself) any machine more intricate than a rotary egg beater is a jigsaw puzzle. So no use our attempting to describe the above photograph of Chatelaine's new Goss press except to say it is the largest magazine press in Canada. It can print 10 colors faster than the eye is able to follow and although we have lived with it for three months we are only beginning to be acquainted with its miraculous possibilities. For its important place in Chatelaine's future, see page 3.



TRADE MARK REGISTERED

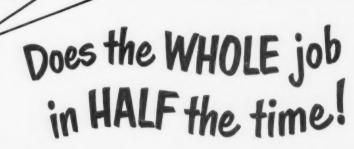
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#### LOOK AT THE RECORD:

Cleanser					Cleaning Efficiency						
OLD DUTCH											100%
CLEANSER A							58	3.3	1%	1	
CLEANSER B							50	0.0	1%	1	Average
CLEANSER C					•		4	8.5	%	(	49.8%
CLEANSER A CLEANSER B CLEANSER C CLEANSER D				•			42	2.5	%	1	

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